THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 20. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FOR THE OLD SPEECH.

Splendid Address on the Duty of Preserving the Irish Language Delivered by Prof. Thomas Hayes at the Irish Teachers' Congress.

He Says the Success of the Movement to Revive Gaelic Depends Upon the National School Teachers.

At the Irish Teachers' Congress, held in Cork recently, Prof. Thomas Hayes delivered the following able and stirring address:

A great German scholar (Schlegel), who did much for the language and literature of his country, has said that "the care of the national language is a sacred trust." That sentiment should find as much favor in Ireland as it did in Germany, or perhaps more; and every Irish National teacher who has the opportunity—in fact, every Irishman, no matter of what class, should constantly bear in mind the words of Schlegel, and use every effort in his power to safeguard what has been truly called "the God-given charter of the individuality of our race," to foster and to cherish this language, which has come down to us through long centuries of turmoil and strife, even from the very twilight of antiquity. True it is today but an echo—a faint echo—of itself; for the grand sonorous tongue, which was fifty years ago the language of nearly two-thirds of our countrymen, has come down to us shorn of much of its beauty and power. It has been ruthlessly crushed, trampled upon, and swept back towards the west by the great wave of Anglicization which is rushing over our country, wiping out in its course the best and noblest characteristics of our race, till now it finds a home only in the cabins of the poor and lowly in the ever waning strip of Irish-speaking territory which fringes our southern and western seaboard from Waterford to Lough Foyle. There it yet tinges the hills with a mystic glory, lends a weird charm to every rath and ruin, mingles with the murmuring of the ocean as if crooning over the long-lost glories of Erin, sings with the streams, and joins in a sad caoine with the wind as it sweeps through the peasant-haunted valleys, chanting, as if with its own dirge or mournfully appealing to us to save it. Sufficient of it remains to do so. It is by no means a thing of the past, for in the face of every influence, native and foreign, which could be brought to bear against it, and despite the cry which was raised years ago that it was gone with a vengeance, it is today the language of one hundred thousand homes; and if we only do our duty by it now, even at the eleventh hour, we shall have an honorable share in preserving for ages yet to come one of the most priceless relics that it was ever the lot of a nation to inherit.

The surest index to national mental degradation is the loss of a national language; and if, after the efforts now being made to save ours, it should eventually die, owing to the apathy or indifference of those among whom it is still in use, the shame and the reproach shall belong entirely to ourselves. The decay of the national language during the last few generations may be attributed more to the want of patriotism among Irishmen themselves than to any external influences. We cannot, in this instance, at all events, lay the blame at the door of the Saxon, but at the doors of those who have in the past been ashamed of their mother tongue; those who discarded or endeavored to discard the language of St. Patrick and Columbkille for the barbarous English jargon which is to be heard in our Irish-speaking districts today, those who have trained their children to hate Irish, and smiled on them with a smile of contempt if they spoke it. It must be admitted, too, that the injury inflicted on the Irish language by the National schools of the country was enormous, so much so that the late illustrious Archbishop of Tuam described them as "the graves of the national language." Will not the Irish National teachers then do something towards perpetuating Irish as a living tongue, and towards producing a race of Irish scholars who, drawing their inspiration from the fountain head, may in the future take up the work of interpreting the contents of our manuscripts where O'Connor, O'Curry, and the other great scholars of the present century stopped short, and thus "give voice once more to a stored up wealth of words that have hitherto puzzled the most assiduous students, and perhaps help to introduce a genuine Celtic element into the works of future Irish writers? Then there is, apart from this extensive literature, of which I have spoken, the great traditional unwritten literature which lives on the tongues of our Irish speakers at the present day.

To assist in elucidating our manuscripts, and in publishing them in their entirety, only a limited number of idiomatic Irish speakers would be required; but of the great oral literature, which contains words, phrases, and peculiar idioms of infinite value to the philologist, is to be preserved, the 700,000 Gaelic speakers who are at present in Ireland should never be allowed to grow less. This unwritten literature, with its wealth of folk lore, romances, deeds of daring and adventure, poems, songs, and proverbs, has attracted the attention of the best Gaelic scholars. They believe that it should be preserved, and that it exercises a beneficial influence on all who come in contact with it, since it contains the best and truest thoughts of the learned men of bygone times. The National teachers should se to it, then, that no child whom their influence can reach should ever give up the use of a language which has so much enshrined within it. Now it may be asked why I appeal so directly to the Irish National teachers in this matter. If the Irish language movement is to be a permanent success, and if the tongue of the Gael is to continue a living and potent force in the country, the rising generation must be taken in hands. The young people must be taught Irish as a literary tongue, and they must be imbued with a strong and lasting love for the language of their country. Furthermore, they must be taught to believe that a colloquial knowledge of Irish is an accomplishment of a very high order, in the possession of which they take a particular pride, and that it is their duty to use it on every possible occasion. "Train the young idea how to shoot" in this manner, and it will not, as Dr. Hyde recently prophesied, "be reserved for this coming century to catch the last tones of that beautiful unmixed Aryan speech." But who shall train it? To my mind the task falls naturally to the National teachers, for no men are so favorably circumstanced or have such admirable facilities for its performance. They come into contact for several hours every day with the young people during the most impressionable period of their lives, at a time when their ideas and habits are in course of formation, and could with very little sacrifice create in the minds of their pupils a spirit in favor of the Irish language that would in the future re-act beneficially, and be productive of the very best results. But the teachers must in all cases be prepared to set a good example themselves. It is a matter of surprise to many why so few teachers have hitherto taken to the study of Irish. It is in itself a splendid mental exercise, and, when some progress has been made, becomes really fascinating.

Let the National teachers, then, take up this splendid study. Let them secure the certificates and teach the language in their schools. Let them step into the ranks boldly and take their stand with thousands of their countrymen in Ireland and in America who are endeavoring to preserve the language which is the voice of their souls and the pulse of their hearts. In asking the National teachers to do this, I would appeal entirely to their patriotism. They should consider it a National duty to preserve their ancestral tongue; regard for the past history of their country and for the memory of their ancestors should appeal to them strongly to assist in this movement. The speaker concluded an extremely able and eloquent address, as follows: I have spoken plainly to the teachers on this question, not because I happen to be a teacher myself, but that I have also the proud privilege to belong to the Gaelic League, which has done more during the eighteen months of its existence to keep the language of our country alive than any other association has done in ten years. I have, too, in this paper given expression to the love I bear the language which has entwined itself with every fibre of my being, the language whose accents were the first I heard, and in which I hope to breathe my last prayers to God and St. Patrick; and I have done so in the hope that I might communicate to some, at least, of my fellow-teachers part of that love, and rouse the enthusiasm for the old tongue which is lying latent in their breasts. And though I have appealed very strongly to the National teachers to assist in safeguarding the language of our country from further disintegration, it is not to be taken that the power of doing good rests with them alone. The preservation of our language is not a question for any one section of the community. It is a question for the entire nation, and I have no doubt that the nation will respond. The spirit and the enthusiasm with which the Irish language question is taken up outside of Ireland—from San Francisco to Berlin—should remind the people of this country of the duty that devolves upon them now. If we allow one of the richest and most expressive languages in the world, perhaps, to die without a stern and stubborn struggle, it will be an everlasting disgrace on our nationality; and future ages of our countrymen shall curse our want of spirit and patriotism—

Oh! Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for
the dear old tongue,
Which, as ivy to a ruin, to your native
land has clung!
Oh! snatch this relic from the wreck!
the only and the last,
And cherish in your heart of hearts the
language of the Past!

When on the High Seas.

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter unacclimated, an unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy, but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

THE "SCOTCH-IRISH" MYTH.

Shown Up in Vigorous Language by Janes Jeffrey Roche, the Poet-Editor of the Boston "Pilot."

He Rakes Up Some Very Interesting History in Prose and Verse.

(*Boston Pilot, May 11.*)

The "Scotch-Irish" myth has crossed the Atlantic, as it was bound sooner or later to do, and it is warmly welcomed by the London *Spectator*, which gives its genesis and history with delightful particularity. According to the *Spectator*, "the Irish Protestant Nonconformists began their great exodus to America about 1720, and 100,000 are said to have crossed the Atlantic in ten years." The friends of the myth on this side of the ocean will resent this as an underestimate; but the *Spectator* errs innocently, through not knowing what a "Scotch-Irishman" really is. By reason of that ignorance it is impelled to say further that "New England seems to have been uncongenial to these Irish Puritans, and the stream flowed, and continued for fifty years to flow, into the Middle and Southern colonies for the most part."

If the *Spectator* had been better informed on the natural history of the "Scotch-Irishman" it would not have made the mistake of saying that New England was neglected by that ubiquitous and prolific race. On the contrary, New England is the very home and fountain-head of the "Scotch-Irish"; for it was there that they first showed their unaccountable predilection for carrying southern and western Irish names, instead of regular Ulster ones, into their new home. Thus, although we find a large host of Kellys, Murphys, Sullivans and other less distinctively Celtic patronymics, credited to the "Scotch-Irish" roll in New England, we do not find here or in any other part of the country a geographical nomenclature which would indicate any Scotch origin in its settlers.

Take a few distinctive places, for illustration, "Belfast" and "Derry" are two names recalling the Scotch settlement in Ireland. Of the former there are one each in Iowa, Maine, Maryland, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee. Of the latter there are two in New Hampshire, and one in Pennsylvania.

Turning to the distinctly Irish Celtic names, we find a "Waterford" in fourteen States, viz., Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, Minnesota, Michigan, Mississippi, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Virginia, Wisconsin, Indiana, and New Jersey. There are fifteen "Dublins," one each in Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Texas, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania (2), and Virginia. Limerick is represented in the five States of Illinois, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio;—Galway, in New York and Tennessee, and Sligo in Indiana, Kentucky and Maryland.

Is it possible that the "Scotch-Irish" immigrants did not come from "Scotch-Ireland at all, but from Irish-Ireland; and that they preserved the names of their several birthplaces, even as they kept St. Patrick's Day and formed Hibernian societies in New England and the Middle States, in blissful ignorance or contempt of the "Scotch" myth? It looks very like it.

But if the "Scotch-Irish" were unheard of in the days of the Revolution and before, it must not be assumed that the pure Scotch were equally unknown. On the contrary, they were very much in evidence. The first American victory in the Revolutionary war was won in February, 1776, at Moore's Creek Bridge, near Wilmington, when James Moore (descendant of Roger Moore, who led the Irish Rebellion in 1640), defeated "1,500 Scotch Tories!"

The original draft of the Declaration of Independence censured King George for having menaced their rights with "Scotch and foreign mercenaries." When General Gage came to bring Boston to submission, in 1774, he issued a pompous proclamation which was paraphrased by the *Virginia Gazette* in verse, the concluding stanza running as follows:

"By Scotchmen loved, by Scotchmen taught,
By all your country Scotchmen thought:
Fear Bute, fear Mansfield, North and me,
And be as blest as slaves can be."

In 1775, John Tait, a writer to the *Signet*, of Edinburgh, wrote a plaintive "Lament" entitled the "Banks of the Dee," in which a love-lorn maid bewails the absence of her lover in America—

"But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
But ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee."

He probably surrendered with Cornwallis and settled down to grow up with the country, raising a flourishing family of "Scotch-Irishmen." Oliver Arnold thought it worth while to write a parody on him, however, in which he remarked:

"Make haste now and leave us, you miscreant Tories!
To Scotland repair! there court the sad houris,
And listen once more to their plaints and their stories
Concerning the 'glory and pride of the Dee.'"

In the same fateful year of 1775, J. W. Howlings, of Virginia, published his "New Song" in which he said:

"The Scotch politicians have laid a deep scheme,
By invading America to bring Charlie in;
And if the Scotch mist's not removed from the throne,
The crown's not worth wearing, the kingdom's undone."

Even the bards of England were moved to protest against the use of Scotch mercenaries to coerce their fellow-subjects on this side of the ocean; so that "The Craftsman, or Say's British Journal" of 1777, in an ode "To Britain," cried out:

"Almighty ruler, stretch thy potent hand
And o'er Britannia wave the olive wand;
Preserve our nation from th' impending fate,
Drive clouds of Scotchmen from the British state."

In the same spirit was "Lord North's Recantation," which appeared in the London *Evening Post* in 1778, predicting that North:

"With the great General Howe
He'd be very glad now,
He ne'er had engaged in the jaunt
And every proud Scot
In the devilish plot,
With his lordship, is forced to recant."

Not to prolong quotations, it appears pretty evident that the Revolutionary fathers, Irish, English, Dutch or whatever else, had no very complimentary opinion of the Scotch people of the period, and would not have gone out of their way to invent a prefix which added obloquy rather than honor to the proud title "Irish."

[It is all right for our able contemporary to "larrup" the Scotch-Irish as much as he pleases, but we think he is too severe on the Scotch proper. John Paul Jones, one of the ablest commanders of the American revolutionary navy, was a Scotchman by birth, while Alexander Hamilton, and other able American patriots, were of direct Scotch descent.—Ed.]

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

The exercises of the golden jubilee of the University of Notre Dame will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 11, 12, and 13. The golden jubilee celebration will call together a notable gathering of educators and prelates from all over the country. The University of Notre Dame was founded in 1842 and is one of the leading educational institutions of Indiana. The order of exercises for the celebration in June is:

Tuesday, June 11—9 a.m., pontifical high mass by the Most Rev. William H. Elder, D.D., archbishop of Cincinnati. Sermon by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D., archbishop of St. Paul. 7:30 p.m., exercises by the alumni in Washington Hall; address by his excellency Claude Matthews, governor of Indiana.

Wednesday, June 12—8 a.m., pontifical requiem mass for the deceased alumni and benefactors of the university by the Right Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D.D., bishop of Fort Wayne. Sermon by the Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, of Chicago. 7:30 p.m., exercises by the graduating class of '95 in Washington Hall.

Thursday, June 13—8 a.m., closing exercises in Washington Hall, class poem, valedictory, awarding of medals and conferring of degrees.

C. T. A. UNION OF ILLINOIS.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, one of the strongest temperance organizations in the State, will hold its twenty-fourth annual convention in the city of Streator, Ill., on Sunday, May 26. Trains will leave Dearborn station, via the Santa Fe railroad, at 8 o'clock a. m. sharp, and return the same day, leaving Streator at 8 p. m. The fare for the round-trip will be $1.75 for adults and 90 cents for cadets. All persons desirous of going on this excursion should purchase their tickets by 12 o'clock on Saturday, May 25, at the Santa Fe ticket office, corner Clark and Adams streets, and avoid the rush of the last moments. Committees have been appointed in Streator, and the most complete arrangements have been made to give the delegates and friends of temperance a cordial reception. Through the kindness of the directors of the Santa Fe railroad the fare has been regulated to suit all persons desirous of enjoying a pleasant and agreeable outing. They also guarantee superb accommodation in every manner reasonable. Trains will stop at Lemont, Joliet and Coal City, where delegates to the convention will join the column. The following gentlemen are expected to favor the convention with their presence: Rev. M. Dowling, S. J., Rev. Thomas Cox, Hon. W. J. Onahan and others. Clergymen wishing to go on this excursion should addres W. J. Quinlan, No. 70 Miller street, chairman of committee on transportation, who will supply passes. From present indications it is assured that the coming convention will be the largest ever held by the Union in the State of Illinois. To all societies, whether in or out of the Union, and the citizens in general who believe in the sanctity, happiness and sobriety of the home and the principles of good government, a cordial invitation to this convention is hereby extended.

W. J. O'Connor, Sec'y.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IRISH COMMENT

On Pope Leo's Recent Encyclical Address to the Gentle and Holy English.

His Holiness Reminded That Catholic Ireland Has No Practical Knowledge of the Benign Civilizing Influences of England.

(*Irish Daily Independent.*)

His Holiness the Pope has addressed a letter of great length and profound consideration to the English people. The translation of it appears in the *Times*, having been evidently supplied specially to that paper. It is hardly necessary to explain, after all the paragraphs and comments which have been published in the press, that Leo XIII has long entertained the hope of reuniting the Anglican church with the Roman Catholic church, and that the Holy Father has been in consultation with Cardinal Vaughan and many of the leading Catholic laity on the subject. The rumors about differences of opinion regarding the ripeness of the time may have some foundation in fact, but it is clear that the Pope's strong desire to move towards the close of his days in the direction which he cherishes prevailed. His Holiness alludes in his letter to the time during which he was Nuncio at Brussels, at which period, by the way, he was presented to and became well known to the Queen. An anecdote is told of the Pope, then Nuncio, that after a state official banquet a young and titled attache, a marquis, passed on thoughtlessly or impudently, to the Nuncio, a snuff-box bearing the figure of a nude woman on the lid. The Nuncio gravely handed it back, merely remarking, "Madame la Marquise, I presume." Those around the discomfited young nobleman cried "Served him right," and declared that he deserved no sympathy in his mortification from the caustic retaliation which he had so indecently provoked.

But to return to the Pope's remarkable letter, and the quite as notable insertion of it in the *Times* with such prominence in full and without a Nelson Pepys counterblast. The *Times* makes no comment. This unquestionably marks a change, and a great change. To whatever influence it is due, to whatever diplomacy, or motive of policy, the fact remains. Does it mean that the *Times*, which is the organ of the upper ten thousand of Englishmen, believes that the aristocracy and wealthy classes of Englishmen welcome the Pope's idea? Or does it mean that the *Times*, deeming his Holiness' aspiration a futile one, gives it the publicity of its columns in harmless compliment to the personal character and exalted station of its author, and the Catholic nobility and dignitaries of England, through the instrumentality of one of whom it is to be presumed the *Times* obtained the exclusive priority of the text of the translation for England? These are questions which we metely note in passing. The other English newspapers have been discussing the possibility of such a reunion as the Pope contemplates. They are dwelling upon the points of difference. They are publishing letters from laity and clerics—Protestant and Catholic—on points of doctrine, of ritual, on the celibacy of the clergy, and soforth.

There are three or four cardinal features in Leo's significant and unique encyclical. The first is the affection which it breathes for the English people. There is hardly a paragraph in it which has not some sentence like the opening one, which runs—

"Some time since, in an Apostolic Letter to princes and peoples, We addressed the English in common with other nations, but We have greatly desired to do this by a special letter and thus give to the illustrious English race a token of Our sincere affection. This wish has been kept alive by the hearty goodwill We have always felt towards your people, whose great deeds in olden times the history of the church declares."

The second is that the letter is Scriptural without being controversial, as befits the dignity of the infallible Pope. Thirdly, in the concluding sentences the Pope alludes to England as "the dowry of Mary," having been dedicated under that title by the forefathers of the Englishmen of today, and prescribes a prayer to the Blessed Virgin beseeching her intercession for the conversion of England. Fourthly, the Pope refers to the Tractarian Movement, and says:

"Very many were led to follow the Divine call, and among them not a few men of distinguished eminence, and many, too, who in doing so, had to make personal and heroic sacrifices. Moreover, there was a wonderful drawing of hearts and minds towards the Catholic faith and practice, which rose in public respect and esteem, and many a long cherished prejudice yielded to the force of truth."

Finally, we give the following paragraph in which the Pope lauds the English nation unstintingly:

We have heard with singular joy of the great attention which is being given in England to the solution of the social question, of which We have treated with much care in Our encyclicals, and of the establishment of benefit and similar societies, whereby on a legal basis the condition of the working classes is improved. And We have heard of the vigorous and persevering efforts made to preserve for the people at large an education based on religious teaching, than which there is no firmer foundation for the instruction of youth and the maintenance of domestic life and civil polity; of the zeal and energy with which so many engage in forwarding opportune measures for the repression of the degrading vice of intemperance; of societies formed among the young men of the upper classes for the promotion of purity of morals and for sustaining the honor due to womanhood. For, alas, in regard to the Christian virtue of continence pernicious views are subtly creeping in, as though it were believed that a man was not so strictly bound by the precept as a woman. Moreover, reflecting men are deeply concerned at the spread of Rationalism and Materialism, and We ourselves have often lifted up our voice to denounce these evils, which weaken and paralyze not religion only, but the very springs of thought and action. The highest credit is due to those who fearlessly and unceasingly proclaim the rights of God and of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the laws and teachings given by Him for the establishment of the Divine Kingdom here upon earth; in which teachings alone strength, wisdom and safety are to be found. The various and abundant manifestations of care for the aged, for orphans, for incurable, for the destitute, the refuges, reformatories and other forms of charity, all of which the Church as a tender Mother inaugurated and from the earliest times has ever inculcated as a special duty, are evidences of the spirit which animates you. Nor can We omit to mention specially the strict public observance of Sunday and the general spirit of respect for the Holy Scriptures. *Everyone knows the power and resources of the British nation and the civilizing influence which, with the spread of liberty, accompanies its commercial prosperity, even to the most remote regions.*"

A more skilful method to take with the British Lion than the foregoing it would be impossible to conceive. "Everyone," His Holiness writes, "knows the power and resources of the British nation, and the civilizing influence which, with the spread of liberty, accompanies its commercial prosperity, even to the most remote regions."

Well, we will only say that the Irish people know, unfortunately too well, the power and resources of England, but with regard to the civilizing influences, Irish experiences of them are, to say the least, *pace* the Pope, somewhat rough. Elizabeth and Cromwell were not very choice or delicate in their civilizing methods. The agonizing cries of feeble men and helpless women and children butchered by a brutal British soldiery in cold blood ring in Irish ears to this day at the mention of the civilizing influences of the British nation. The pitch-cap and the halter, the triangle and the penal cell, the transportation death warrant, the emigrant hell ship, and the depopulating eviction are "the civilizing influences" which England has used against a people and a country, not in a remote region, but at her own door—a country and a people which remained Catholic and Papal when England ratted at the bidding of a bestial king, a country and a people which have spent their blood and their money freely in service of Pope and Catholicity, a people and a country upon the heads of whose Papal priests this civilizing England placed the same price as that paid to him who brought in the head of a wolf; and a people and a country that have done more in proportion to their numbers to spread the civilizing influences of Catholicity over dark continents and a New World than any other people or country on the face of the earth. English civilization has more Irish blood on its hands than the unspeakable Turk in all his revolting atrocities on Christian Armenian. We trust that if a salutary change be effected in England, its civilizing influence will sway her action towards Ireland and enable liberty to march *pari passu*, as the Pope claims, with commercial prosperity and the national as well as religious self-respect of the races and countries at present included in the broad British Empire.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

"Little Robinson Crusoe," the new musical burlesque that will be the special attraction at the Schiller, is already attracting a great deal of attention. It will be the one positively new thing in the way of theatrical attractions in the entire city. A bright and laughable story of "Crusoe" and right up to date has been especially written by that popular dramatic author, Harry B. Smith; the music, which is delightfully melodious, tuneful and catchy, and bound to be popular, is by the well known composer, W. H. Batchelor, who is recognized as the leading composer of burlesque and extravaganza music. The expenditure for scenery and stage accessories will be lavish, Thomas G. Moses, the talented artist having been given carte blanche in this important matter, and "Little Robinson Crusoe" will be put upon the stage of the Schiller in a superbly handsome manner. The cast will be a remarkable one, and made up of the very best burlesque artists in the country. The one fact alone, that the unequalled and popular favorite, Eddie Foy, will be the star comedian of the company, would make "Little Robinson Crusoe" a big hit with the public. Then he is supported by a company, which for artistic efficiency is superior to any ever created to give burlesque and extravaganza performances, artists such as the accomplished Marie Dressler, who became such a great favorite in Chicago, when in "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss," with the Camille D'Arville Opera Company; Sadie M'Donald, than whom there is no brighter, prettier soubrette upon the stage; Frank White, the favorite burlesque artist, and others of similar rank. Altogether it will be a great company, and a great production, with specialty artists, pretty girls, a fine chorus, spectacular effects and everything necessary to make "Little Robinson Crusoe" an immense success.

WORK OF JACK FROST

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES FEEL THE NIPPING COLD,

But the Damage Done So Far Is Rather Problematical in General—Some Places Where There Was Ice—Situation in Michigan and Wisconsin.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 14.—The most reliable advices obtainable here indicate that so far fruit has not been materially injured in western Michigan, but great anxiety was felt for its fate last night. The frost Monday morning had a damaging effect in some sections, but nearly all of the lake shore counties were protected by clouds. The prospects last night, however, were not encouraging. The mercury stood at 33 degrees in a driving snowstorm from the north. At 9 a. m. the snow melted as it fell, but later it began to cling to the trees and a drop of a few degrees in temperature meant a freeze that would certainly damage or entirely destroy all fruits except apples.

Same Weather, Nearly, Last Year.

The snow may protect vegetables, but it cannot save fruit, unless it be the later varieties of strawberries. An inch or more of snow fell over a large portion of western Michigan on May 14 last year, and was followed by a good crop of fruit, but in that storm the mercury did not go below 32 degrees and remained at that mark only about two hours and fruit was not nearly so far advanced at that time as it is now.

Snow Storms in Western Michigan.

DETROIT, May 14.—Snow storms were reported last night from all principal points in western Michigan and from the northern peninsula and upper portions of the southern peninsula. High winds prevailed throughout the state last evening, except in the southeastern portion. In the western Michigan fruit belt region the snow storms were accompanied by high winds. The consensus of dispatches from this region is that if the wind abates fruit will be badly frozen. Early vegetables and small fruits have already greatly suffered, and there are gravest apprehensions regarding the entire crop.

RAIN TURNS INTO THE "BEAUTIFUL."

Kind of May Weather Badger State People Are Experiencing.

MILWAUKEE, May 14.—The wind here at noon was blowing at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour from the northwest. The temperature was 36 at 7 a. m. It rained during the night and during the morning hours turned into a light snow, which melted as fast as it fell. Last evening the temperature had fallen, and there was every indication of another heavy frost during the night. The air was very raw. Snow fell at Depere, Manitowoc, Madison, Chippewa Falls, Oshkosh, Appleton, Manitwa, Wausau, Palmyra and other places, in nearly every section of the state.

The ground was covered to a depth of an inch in the northern section, but it was light at points below Green Bay and Chippewa Falls. Everything is frozen up tight at Wausau, and there is half an inch of snow on the ground, with a prospect of more. Nearly everything that grows was frozen at Viroqua, corn and vegetables being covered with a quarter of an inch of ice.

NEENAH, Wis., May 14.—The snow storm destroyed numbers of fruit trees in this vicinity. The snow was so wet that it caused limbs of trees to break off and small trees were levelled to the ground. Snow fell again yesterday afternoon, but it was light.

SPARTA, May 14.—The heavy frosts killed all of the grapes in this vicinity. Corn and potatoes that were up are cut down, but none was forward enough to be killed. Of the hundreds of acres of small fruits only about 10 or 15 per cent. of the strawberries were damaged.

CUMBERLAND, Wis., May 14. — There was a very heavy frost throughout this region, killing nearly all kinds of vegetation. The ground was frozen hard enough to bear up a team of horses on the crust of plowed land. The damage to crops is very considerable and the fruit prospects are ruined.

HOUGHTON, May 14.—Saturday and Sunday nights' frost damaged all fruit trees and gardens in the Lake Superior district. Vegetation was advanced three weeks earlier than usual.

GRAPE BELT HAS A CHILL.

Amount of Damage, However, Only a Matter of Guess Work Now.

BUFFALO, May 14.—Dispatches from all over western New York prove that this section of the state has suffered from the frost, but the extent of the damage is mere guess work. Along the grape belt in Chautauqua county the grape growers take a melancholy outlook, but it would be strange if the crop was entirely destroyed, as some alarming dispatches say. In Niagara county, where small fruits are freely raised, there is a disposition to take a gloomy view of the ravages of the frost, but conservative judges think the damage not general or severe.

Next to grapes strawberries, perhaps, have been most seriously hurt. In Allegheney county the lowest temperature is recorded—28 degrees—and it is likely that all kinds of fruits have been damaged. In Genesee county it is said that the frost has killed the worms, but that the apples are not hurt. Dispatches from western Ontario indicate that the temperature was very low there and the damage perhaps very much heavier than on this side of the border.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Reports from many sections of the state indicate that Sunday night's frost did an immense amount of damage to growing vegetables, crops and fruit. At Dunkirk, the thermometer fell to 28 degrees. Every grape vine is destroyed. Silver Creek last year shipped 2,000 cars. This place is remarkably well sheltered. Everything is destroyed. At Forestville every farmer had planted every available acre in grapes, and the frost ruined every vine. Other fruits suffered nearly as much. There will be no cherries.

Ripley, where nearly 400 cars were shipped last year, this year will not have one basket of grapes. The grape growers are demoralized and do not know what they will do. At Westfield the vines are entirely cut down. Some growers will plough up their vineyards and return to the old style of general farming. Brockton, generally known as the center of the Chautauqua grape belt, is in mourning. Nothing is raised there but grapes and the frost cut them all down.

Gerry Rickmann, the millionaire grower and wine manufacturer, says the loss in the belt by reason of the destruction done to the grapes will reach at least $2,000,000. His own loss he estimates at $250,000. At Fredonia nothing of the grape crop can be saved. Had fire gone through the vineyards it could not have been more thorough in its effects.

THE STORM WAS A "CORKER."

What the Weather Sharp at Chicago Has to Say of the "Snap."

CHICAGO, May 14.—Michigan's many peach orchards, which for the past ten days have furnished the prettiest of effects in pink, are now covered with a robe of white. A snowstorm worthy of winter is in possession of the land of the Wolverines. "The storm is a corker," said Professor Moore yesterday afternoon as he looked anxiously over the weather map. "It is snowing hard in northern Michigan and Wisconsin, and the mercury is down to the freezing point. Frost conditions rule again today throughout the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Nebraska, and were it not for her proximity to Lake Michigan Chicago would be now experiencing similar weather.

"The freezing temperature will be felt throughout Illinois, Indiana and Iowa tonight, and even Missouri will not be wholly exempt from the fruit-killing invader. At this moment the storm is central between Grand Haven and this city, but will commence to lose its strength at sunset, die out by midnight and tomorrow we shall have calm, clear and bright weather with a rising thermometer. I have had storm signals displayed at all lake ports, and warned shipmasters that they should not leave port prior to midnight."

Heavy Frost Near Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, May 14.—The thermometer in and about Pittsburg marked 30 degrees. There was a very heavy frost and in many places ice an eighth of an inch thick was formed. Most of the early garden truck and small fruits were destroyed. Nearly all the apples on low ground are frosted. Even the leaves of the forest trees are blighted. Reports from all over western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and West Virginia indicate that the frost was as severe there as here.

ERIE, Pa., May 14.—The grape crop in this section will be a complete failure because of Sunday night's frost. In this county 4,000 acres of vineyards were destroyed and in Chautauqua county, N.Y., easily 6,000 acres are ruined. These vineyards in good years net $150 an acre, so that the financial loss to the grape-growers in the two counties will reach $1,500,000.

North Dakota Is in Luck.

FARGO, N. D., May 14.—While the frost was general Sunday night little harm was done. Corn and potatoes were cut some, but though the season is three weeks earlier than usual they were not advanced so far as to be subject to injury.

Crops Nipped in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, May 14.—Reports from the northern part of this state show much damage to crops and fruit from the frost. Along the Ohio river in the western part of the state corn was nipped so as to require replanting.

Killed All Small Vegetables.

LACON, Ills., May 14.—In Marshall county the frost killed all small vegetables; fruit not injured; all corn and grain frosted yellow, but will only delay crops from two to five weeks.

Was a Twin Unit.

CHICAGO, May 2.—Hon. William A. Vincent has decided the bet made by two well-known Democrats of this city, ex-Mayor Hopkins and William S. Forrest, as to the unit of value from 1792 to 1873. This bet has attracted considerable attention here and throughout the country. He says:

"The language of the proposition submitted for decision is not as clear and satisfactory as might be desired, but I am of the opinion that under the act of 1792 the unit was to be the dollar. The value of this unit was to be measured in both gold and silver, 371¼ grains being the quantity of silver, and 24¾ grains being the quantity of gold, which were to equally express the measure and value of the unit adopted. As I conceive this to be the point at issue, as understood by the parties to the controversy, and which was intended to be expressed in the written statement thereof, I decide in the affirmative of the proposition."

Silver Conference for Iowa.

DES MOINES, May 13.—A call has been issued for a silver conference to meet here June 6. The call is a 16-to-1 document and declares that the Democratic platform of 1892 is being falsely construed by a minority of the party. The call favors the "restoration of silver to its rightful place * * * as it was prior to the surreptitious demonetization * * * in 1873." Among the signers are ex-Lieutenant Governor Bestow and the editors of eight Iowa papers, including the Chariton Democrat, Ottumwa Sun and Creston Advertiser.

Life Savers Rescue the Crew.

MILWAUKEE, May 14.—The schooner Quickstep, which left Milwaukee light for Manistee, tried to make the harbor at Sheboygan, but failed. An unsuccessful effort was made to anchor the boat. The life saving crew, after making two unsuccessful attempts to reach the Quickstep, finally managed to save all of its crew.

Steamers in Collision.

MACKINAW CITY, May 11.—The steamers Joseph L. Hurd and Cayuga collided off Skilligalee fog horn during a fog and the Cayuga went to the bottom, the Hurd being kept afloat by her cargo of lumber. George Johnson, cook of the Hurd, was drowned.

Schweinfurth Must Stand Trial.

ROCKFORD, Ills., May 11.—In the circuit court Judge Shaw overruled the motion to quash the indictments against George Jacob Schweinfurth and three angels and they must stand trial. The case may come to trial next week.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JAMES A. WESTON, ex-governor of New Hampshire, at Manchester, N. H.

DANIEL B. EVANS, prominent and respected citizen of Greenville, Ills.

GEORGE B. JOINER, oldest member of the Iroquois county bar, at Watseka, Ills.

ANDREW H. LUCAS, well-known inventor, at St. Louis.

EX-Congressman ANDREW H. HAMILTON, at Fort Wayne, Ind.

M. D. CHAMBERLAIN, pioneer business man of Freeport, Ills.

THOMAS BRADY, an old resident and business man of Kewanee, Ills.

CYRUS W. EATON, prominent in Masonic circles, at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

General JOSEPH H. COLTON, of the southern army, at New York.

THEODORE H. HINCKMAN, prominent business man of Detroit.

LEFT IT IN A TANGLE.

THE QUESTION OF THE SENATORSHIP FROM DELAWARE.

The State Legislature Having Adjourned Without an Unquestioned Election—Addicks the Real Victor — Republicans Claim That Dupont Received the Necessary Vote and Declare Him Senator.

DOVER, Del., May 10.—The general assembly of Delaware adjourned sine die at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon without choosing a successor to ex-Senator Higgins, although the Republicans claim that their leading candidate, Colonel Henry A. Dupont, was legally elected. The matter will probably be taken to the United States senate for a decision. The 211th ballot since the deadlock began four months ago, and the last of the session, was taken a few minutes before 3 o'clock. It resulted: Henry A. Dupont, Rep., 15; J. Edward Addicks, Rep., 4; Edward Ridgely, Dem., 9; Tunnel, Dem., 1. During the day the Democrats filibustered with the object of preventing balloting, and when the state house clock rang out the hour of three and sounded the death knell of the legislative session of 1895 the clerk was in the midst of a roll call on a dilatory motion made by a Democrat.

Formal Declaration of Dupont.

As soon as Governor Watson (Dem.) who—by reason of the fact that he was speaker of the senate before his elevation to the gubernatorial chair upon the death of Governor Marvil—presided over the joint session, announced the sine die adjournment Speaker of the House McMullin (Rep.) arose and formally declared Henry A. Dupont elected United States senator. This action had previously been agreed upon by the Republican leaders. The Delaware legislature is composed of twenty-one representatives and nine senators, sixteen being a majority on joint ballot. The Republicans claim that when Watson, by virtue of his position as speaker of the senate, succeeded to the governorship upon the death of Governor Marvil one month ago, the number of senators was reduced to eight, and therefore there were only twenty-nine on joint ballot, and that fifteen votes constituted a majority.

Democrats Take Another View.

On the other hand the Democrats and Governor Watson claim that the law distinctly declares that the "speaker of the senate" shall become governor. Therefore if Watson withdraws from the senate he ceases to be "speaker of the senate," and consequently loses the governorship. The senatorial question is likely to occupy a large amount of public attention for months to come. Whether the governer has a right to appoint is a disputed question. If he has, the appointment will be only until the next legislature, which meets in January, 1896, unless sooner called together by the governor. This latter contingency is not probable, however.

Addicks Makes His Threat Good.

J. Edward Addicks has made good his threat, uttered at the very beginning of the contest, to prevent the election of a Republican senator from Delaware if he could not secure the prize for himself. Colonel Henry A. Dupont, who will make the contest for the senatorship, is a member of the famous Dupont family who have been manufacturers of powder and other explosives in Wilmington, this state, for over a century. He is a son of the late General Henry Dupont, and was born at Brandywine Banks in 1838. He attended the University of Pennsylvania, and was subsequently appointed to the United States military academy at West Point, graduating in 1861. He entered the Fifth United States artillery and served through the civil war.

DEATH IN A BLAST.

Frightful Explosion in a Boarding House at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 11.—By an explosion of gas at 1 o'clock this morning in the building, 10 Sherman street, twelve persons were terribly burned, some of whom will probably die. The lower floor of the building was occupied by August Meischall as a saloon and the two upper floors as a boarding-house. Meischall jumped out of a window on the third floor and received injuries that will probably result fatally. Mrs. Meischall and her two children were badly burned.

Following are the casualties: August Meischall, proprietor of the boarding house, badly burned and both legs broken, will die; Joseph Dennier, burned internally, cannot recover; Eduard Gwinn, terribly burned about head and chest, cannot recover; Eduardo Geraund, fatally burned about arms and face; Pierre Rougue, cut and bruised about face and inhaled gas; Charles Pallet, seriously burned—last five boarder; Mrs. Mary Meischall, wife of August Meischall, cut about head and face; Lena Meischall, 8-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Meischall, burned and bruised; Mary Meischall, 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meischall, slightly burned; unidentified man, unconscious and badly burned; John Norman, cut about face; unidentified man, will die; Alex S. Sune, terribly burned from head to feet, will die.

The concussion rocked the building from its foundation and was heard several blocks away, and rescuers were soon on hand. Meischall was seen at the third-story window preparing to jump, and was beseeched to wait a moment when a ladder would be run up. It was in place and the fireman started up, but before they got to the second story Meischall had leaped from the window. He fell with crushing force on the sidewalk. Both of his legs and one arm were broken, and he was also injured internally.

When the rescuers reached the second floor they found several men and women rushing frantically along the hall, their bodies bleeding and torn by the explosion. Everybody in the building was in bed when the explosion occurred and the night clothing was burned off some of them. They were carried down by the firemen and police, and those most seriously injured were taken to hospitals. The others were taken to a saloon in the neighborhood.

Iowa Women's Clubs.

CEDAR RAPIDS, May 10.—The Iowa Federation of Women's clubs devoted the day to listening to papers by delegates on various subjects. Dubuque was chosen as the place for the next biennial convention and the following officers elected: Mrs. Anna Belknap Howe, Marshalltown, president; Mrs. W. H. Bailey, Des Moines, secretary.

PRINCIPLES OF THE "PROTECTIVES."

Two Paragraphs of Their Declaration Which Refer to Rome.

MILWAUKEE, May 13.—The declaration of principles adopted by the American Protective Association in so far as it refers to the Roman Catholic church is contained in two paragraphs—the third in the preamble and the fifth in the declaration. The preamble says that the organization realizes "that the progress and development of constitutional governments are willfully and selfishly obstructed by certain organizations claiming universal recognition, and which, through the completeness of their systems of organization, exercise a more or less universal jurisdiction to the detriment and injury as well of constitutional sovereigns and governments as of the subjects and peoples thereof."

Therefore, says the fifth paragraph of the declaration, "All institutions of an ecclesiastical character claiming temporal dominion or the right to define the extent of their own jurisdiction, are inimical to all forms of constitutional government and are a menace to the perpetuity thereof."

The supreme council of the A. P. A. closed its session in this city at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The junior A. P. A. was organized. Boys and girls aged from 14 to 18 will be eligible to membership. It is proposed to teach the children patriotism. President Traynor will appoint a committee of five to meet with the council of patriotic organizations at Washington Dec. 10, 1895, to take under consideration the question of the campaign of 1896.

WAR ON THE RACE TRACKS.

Hawthorne at Chicago Closed and Ed Corrigan Arrested.

CHICAGO, May 11.—It is cold weather sports at race tracks now, with a law in for New York that spoils the business of the bookmakers, Roby in Indiana shut down by Hoosier law, and, now Hawthorne in this city closed for alleged violation of the statute. This latter came off when 150 deputy sheriffs marched on the ground and proceeded to gather in Edward Corrigan, master of Hawthorne; John Brennock, his business partner; Joseph F. Ullman, proprietor of the foreign book, and twenty-six smaller fry. The prisoners were all admitted to bail in $300 each.

The officials of the Civic Federation have determined that there shall be no racing contrary to law in Cook county this year, and they declare they will repeat the raids as often as the management of Hawthorne cares to open up.

State Senator and His Mistress.

ST. LOUIS, May 14.—State Senator Peter R. Morrissey was shot and instantly killed by Maud Lewis, his mistress. The tragedy was enacted in her room on the second floor at 2719 Wash street. Morrissey went to the house at a very late hour and had retired when the crime was committed. He was shot while asleep. The woman has been mentally unbalanced for some time according, to the statements of her neighbors.

Interstate Drill at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, May 14.—The interstate encampment and drill was formally opened at Montgomery park. There are twelve infantry militia companies on the ground, besides a battery, a Gatling gun detachment, and a battalion of regulars, comprising two infantry companies and two troops of cavalry—about 1,000 men in all, exclusive of the numerous staff.

Swore Falsely to His Circulation.

ELDORA, Ia., May 13.—The Hardin county grand jury has found a bill against W. A. K. Campbell, ex-editor of The Ledger, for malicious and willful perjury. Campbell obtained the county printing last January by making oath that The Ledger had 1,074 bona fide subscribers, when it was afterwards found that he had but 600 or 700.

Baptists Adopt the Tithing System.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—At the Southern Baptist church convention the report of the committee on tithing recommended that members contribute one-tenth of their incomes to the church. The report was adopted by a viva voce vote.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 13.

Money on call easy at 1¼ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange a shade firmer, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487@487¼ for demand and 485@485½ for sixty days; posted rates 486½@487½ and 487½@489½; commercial bills 485@485¼.

Silver certificates 67¾@67¾; sales 10,000; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars 52¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 123½; do coupons, 123½; 5's reg., 113; 5's coupons 113; 4's reg., 112¾; 4's coupons, 113; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 13.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 63¾c, closed 64¾c; July, opened 64¼c, closed 65¾c; September, opened 64¼c, closed 65¾c. Corn—May, opened 34¾c, closed 35½c; July, opened 35½c, closed 35½c; September, opened 31¾c, closed 31¾c. Oats—May, opened 23¾c, closed 23c; June, opened 23¾c, closed 23½c; July, opened 23¾c, closed 23½c. Pork—May, nominal, closed $12.02½; July, opened $12.12½, closed $12.17½. Lard—May, $6.65, closed $6.67½.

Produce: Butter—Creamery, 13c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½ per dozen. Live poultry—Chickens, 9c per lb; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 8@9c, geese, $3.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to choice, 50@55c per bushel; Hebrons, 48@50c; Pearless, 45@48c; mixed, 45@50c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@3.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 11@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 8@9c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 13.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 30,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.55 pigs, $4.40@4.70 light, $4.25@4.40 rough packing, $4.60@4.75 mixed, and $4.45@4.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 13,000; quotations ranged at $3.65@5.10 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.15@4.65 good to choice do, $4.80@4.25 fair to good, $4.00@4.60 common to medium do, $1.90@3.85 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.60 stockers, $3.75@4.35 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $3.50@4.90 heifers, $2.00@4.40 bulls, $2.90@3.80 Texas steers, and $2.00@4.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 7,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.55 westerns, $1.50@3.80 Texas, $3.00@4.75 natives, and $3.75@5.70 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, May 13.

Cattle—Receipts 2,500; market 10@15c higher; export steers, $4.80@5.65; shipping steers, 1,200@1,300, $4.25@4.85; steers; $4.90@5.15; all sold. Hogs—Receipts, 1,100; all sold Yorkers, $4.80@4.85; mediums and heavy, $4.85@4.90; good pigs, $4.85. veal calves, $4.75@5.00 for over. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 13,000; market active and 25@40c higher; best wool lambs, $5.6.; best sheep, $4.30@4.40; all sold; prospects good.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, May 9.—Fitzpatrick in the senate called for the ayes and, noes when the chair decided there was no question before the senate and refused to recognize him. Fitzpatrick refused to take his seat until the chair ordered the sergeant-at-arms to seat the senator, when he sat down denouncing Gill's ruling. The only legislation done was the advancement of a few bills. The house killed the bill making train robbery a capital offense on the plea that it was really aimed at strikers. The senate committee on charges that distillery and brewery slops were unfit for cattle feed reported sustaining the charge and asking prohibitive legislation.

SPRINGFIELD, May 10.—The senate defeated a resolution ordering Frank H. Cooper incarcerated in the jail here until he agrees to reply to questions as to the business of Seigel, Cooper & Co., of Chicago. The bill regulating child labor was referred to the appropriations committee. The Littler bill to repeal the trust law was defeated, but reconsideration moved. The bill providing that counties shall pay for treatment of habitual indigent drunkards passed. The house adopted the resolution to submit to the people a constitutional amendment so that three proposed amendments can be submitted at the same time. The revenue bill was discussed.

SPRINGFIELD, May 11.—The Illinois legislature has taken its regular three-days weekly rest. The senate made the reconsideration of the Cooper contempt case special order for next Wednesday, and did little else. The house passed appropriations as follows: $8,000 for the blind asylum at Jacksonville, $309,500 for the Quincy Soldiers' home, $107,000 for the Normal Soldiers' Orphans' home, $302,000 for the Elgin insane hospital, $216,000 for the deaf and dumb asylum at Jacksonville and $158,000 for the asylum for feeble minded children at Lincoln. The revenue bill was postponed to next Thursday and a number of bills advanced, including that for pensions for retired school teachers.

SPRINGFIELD, May 14.—The house advanced a number of bills to third reading, and adjourned.

ILLINOIS GRAND ARMY MEETING.

Bloomington Puts on Gala Attire for the Occasion—Big Crowd Present.

BLOOMINGTON, May 14.—Bloomington is glowing with decorations and electric lights, the occasion being the encampment of the Illinois department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the state gatherings of the Sons of Veterans, Woman's Relief corps, Ladies of the Grand Army and Ladies' Aid society. The only drawback is the inclement weather, rendering the camp of the Sons of Veterans at Miller park uncomfortable. Council of administration, G. A. R., was in session all day hearing reports and preparing the programme for business meetings. The finances of the department were reported in fine condition and the department generally prosperous.

The bulk of the members arrived last night and today, including the Chicago posts. Commander McDowell and staff held a reception at the Windsor hotel last night, attended by the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, and ladies' associations. At the same time a campfire was held at Schraeder's Opera House. General Powell, of Belleville, and General McNulta, of Chicago, candidates for commander, are both established in headquarters and their campaigns are booming. The Sons of Veterans have organized as follows: Colonel, S. D. Hall; lieutenant colonel, John A. Walters; major, J. B. Muchmore; adjutant general, G. E. Powers.

Good Wheat Crop in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, May 11.—The state board of agriculture gives out the following crop report from the state at large to date: Indications for a large crop of cereals are most favorable. Wheat is making fair growth and slightly below the average. Northern Illinois shows 88 per cent. of average; central and southern Illinois show 92 per cent. average; but 4 per cent. of the area seeded was winter killed. The area left for harvest is less than last year, being about 1,800,000 acres.

Della Left Her Diamonds Behind.

PEORIA, Ills., May 14.—Miss Della Fox and company left for Springfield. A few minutes after the departure of the train T. J. Ticknor, the clerk at the National hotel, found under the pillow in the room that had been occupied by Miss Fox a satchel containing a pair of slippers and diamonds valued at $65,000. Miss Fox was wired and she sent back her maid from Havana and the diamonds were delivered to her.

Notes of the State.

The body of Morelle Molesworth, who was drowned in the Illinois river while in swimming, was recovered at Peoria, Ills., and sent to his home at Bloomington.

Presiding Elder Vanhorne of Rockford, Ill., announces that the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal churches of the Rock River district will be held at Elgin, beginning Sept. 23. Bishop Daniel E. Goodsell of San Francisco will preside.

While working in a well on the farm of Arne Shoemaker, south of Lecon, Ill., John D. Whetzel, of Varna, was overcome by foul air and fell forty feet to the bottom. When taken out life was extinct.

William Whyers, a resident of Quincy, Ills., is dead. He fell through the rotunda of the Newcomb hotel there and his skull and spinal column were fractured. He was treated by Christian scientists for three days.

E. D. McMaster of Princeton, Ind., member of a camping party at Edgewater Park, near Grayville, Ills., was drowned while bathing in the Wabash.

Frederick Remann, representing the Eighteenth Illinois district in congress, is dangerously ill at his home in Vandalia. His recovery is doubtful.

James Robinson, a wealthy man living near Mount Sterling, Ills., and a hired man, Frank Mayfield, drank a bottle of beer, and both became suddenly ill and died.

Frank Sheater, foreman of the Edgar Thompson Steel works at Pittsburg, was instantly killed by a flying bar of iron, which struck him on the head.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, May 9.

British Columbia canners have petitioned the Canadian government to place salmon on the free list to enable them to meet American competition.

Obituary: At St. Johns, N. B., Josef Heine, the blind violinist. At Yankton, S. D. ex-Mayor Potter. At Oregon, Ills., Clarence A. Anderson, 46.

Colonel and Mrs. Joseph Wentworth celebrated their golden wedding at Concord, N. H. Colonel Wentworth is a brother of the late "Long John" Wentworth, of Chicago.

About 1,500 delegates are in attendance on the general convention of the Southern Baptist church, which is in session at Washington.

The cause of insurrection in Ecuador this time is the fact that the president has resigned and the vice president, who succeeds, is not popular.

Charles L. Fair, the dead millionaire's son, will risk forfeiture of his legacy and contest his father's will. His lawyers hope to prevent forfeiture through a technicality.

The Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs is in convention at Cedar Rapids with about 250 delegates present.

Friday, May 10.

Dr. Buchanan, whose execution has been twice deferred, may remain at Sing Sing some time longer. His attorney claims that he is legally dead and cannot be executed, the time set for his execution having passed.

Lincoln's birthday has been made a legal holiday by the New York legislature.

C. W. Nehrbras, agent for the Deering Machine company of Chicago, lost his life in a fire which destroyed the Hotel Arlington at Montrose, Colo.

Trustees of Episcopal church property in Mississippi are charged by a committee with badly, almost criminally, mismanaging their trust.

The Amalgamated Association of Tin, Iron, and Steel Workers and the Merchants' Bar Iron Manufacturers' National association have gone into a combine to raise prices of the product and wages of the men.

Charles S. Fairchild succeeds William R. Grace as executive chairman of the New York State Democracy.

Saturday, May 11.

Harold Ethelbert Addison, of Chicago, won the first prize in the Boylston prize speaking contest at Harvard university.

The "greater New York" bill was defeated in the New York state senate.

Chinch bugs are injuring rye and barley in western Nebraska.

Ex-Solicitor Eugene D. Carter, one of the most prominent Democrats in North Carolina, has published a letter in the State Register withdrawing from the Democratic party and announcing his affiliation with the Republicans.

An Easter egg of pure gold, containing a pearl necklace, to wear on her wedding day, was the present received by a London beauty this year.

Seventy-five per cent. of the enlistments in the regular army last year were of Americans.

The new Democratic paper to be published at Chicago will be called The Chronicle, and it is said that John R. Walsh is backing the enterprise.

The revolution in Ecuador is reported to be everywhere gaining ground.

Monday, May 13.

Hanged by the sheriff: At Canon City, Colo., Thomas Jerdan and Peter Augusta; there had been ten reprieves in each case. At St. Louis, James Murray, negro, for the murder of a street railway conductor; Ed Murray, brother of James, swung off an hour later at Herman, Mo., for the same crime. At St. Joseph, Mo., Joseph Burries, negro, whose crime was attempted assault on a child.

The session of the National League of Musicians at Cleveland voted unanimously not to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

A three-story elevator at Oshkosh, Wis., collapsed and is a total wreck. The elevator contained 20,000 bushels of oats.

The order of Railroad Telegraphers of North America will meet in annual convention at St. Louis May 20.

The Milwaukee and Waukesha Railway company, with a capital of $1,000,000, has been organized.

The city council of Ripon, Wis., has passed an ordinance requiring a license fee of $500 for the sale of cigarettes. This virtually prohibits their sale.

Tuesday, May 14.

The Salvation Army is preparing to invade China, the leader in the movement being a young Chinese convert.

A special from Tokio, Japan, alleges that the last battle of the war between Japan and China at Tien Chwangtai March 10, resulted in a butchery equal to the atrocities of Port Arthur.

Fire at Port Huron destroyed McMorran & Co.'s grain elevator and Davidson & McMorran's flour mill. Loss, $175,000.

Some miscreant threw a dynamite bomb at a non-union boarding house in East St. Louis. No one was hurt, but the building was badly damaged.

George Culp, who celebrated his 99th birthday at Goshen, Ind., is the father of ten children, grandfather of 108, and great grandfather of 105.

Gail Hamilton, who was reported to be seriously ill at Washington, is improving.

The war department has closed all the mills on Fox river, Wis., by stopping the use of the power, owing to lack of water.

John Mahoney was killed by a fall from a window at Elkhart, Ind.

Pure Blood

Gives Perfect Health—Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Pure Blood.

"I became troubled with sores which broke out on me from the lower part of my body down to my ankles, dark, flat and

Very Painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cleared my system and healed the sores in a short time. It also improved my

Appetite

and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. P. THOMAS, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best. 25c. per box.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Under the cloudless heavens, under the starlit skies, blessing the grateful dew that cools the upland air and moistens the bunch grass that has been bleaching all day in the fierce rays of the summer sun, a little column of infantry is swinging steadily southward. Long and toilsome has been the march; hot, dusty and parching the day. Halts have been few and far between, and every man, from the colonel down, is coated with a gray mask of powdered alkali, the contribution of a two hours' tramp through Dead Man's canyon just before the sun went down. Now, however, they are climbing the range. The morrow will bring them to the broad and beautiful valley of the Spirit Wolf, and there they must have news. Officers and men are footsore and weary, but no one begs for rest. Colonel Maynard, riding ahead on a sorry hack he picked up at the station two days' long march behind them, is eager to reach the springs at Forest Glade before ordering bivouac for the night. A week agone no one who saw him at Sablon would have thought the colonel fit for a march like this, but he seems rejuvenate. His head is high, his eye as bright, his bearing as full of spirit as man's could possibly be at 60, and the whole regiment cheered him when he caught the column at Omaha. A talk with Chester and Armitage seemed to have made a new man of him, and tonight he is full of an energy that inspires the entire command. Though they were farther away than many other troops ordered to the scene, the fact that their station was on the railway, and that they could be sent by special trains to Omaha and thence to the west, enabled them to begin their rescue march ahead of all the other foot troops and behind only the powerful command of cavalry that was whirled to the scene the moment the authorities woke up to the fact that it should have been sent in the first place. Old Maynard would give his very ears to get to Thornton's corral ahead of them, but the cavalry has 36 hours' start and four legs to two. Every moment he looks ahead expectant of tidings from the front that shall tell him the ——th were there and the remnant rescued. Even then, he knows, he and his long springfields will be needed. The cavalry can fight their way in to the succor of the besieged, but once there will be themselves surrounded and too few in numbers to begin aggressive movements. He and his will indeed be welcome re-enforcements, and so they trudge ahead.

The moon is up, and it is nearly 10 o'clock when, high up on the rolling divide, the springs are reached, and, barely waiting to quench their thirst in the cooling waters, the wearied men roll themselves in their blankets under the giant trees, and guarded by a few outlying pickets are soon asleep. Most of the officers have sprawled around a little fire and are burning their foot leather thereat. The colonel, his adjutant and the doctor are curled up under a tent fly that serves by day as a wrap for the rations and cooking kit they carry on pack mule. Two company commanders—the Alpha and Omega of the 10, as Major Sloat dubbed them—the senior and junior in rank, Chester and Armitage by name, have rolled themselves in their blankets under another tent fly and are chatting in low tones before dropping off to sleep. They have been inseparable on the journey thus far, and the colonel has had two or three long talks with them, but who knows what the morrow may bring forth? There is still much to settle. One officer, he of the guard, is still afoot and trudging about among the trees, looking after his sentries. Another officer, also alone, is sitting in silence smoking a pipe. It is Mr. Jerrold. Cleared though he is of the charges originally brought against him in the minds of his colonel and Captain Chester, he has lost caste with his fellows and with them. Only two or three men have been made aware of the statement which acquitted him, but every one knows instinctively that he was saved by Nina Beaubien, and that in accepting his release at her hands he had put her to a cruel expense. Every man among his brother officers knows in some way that he has been acquitted of having compromised Alice Renwick's fair fame only by an alibi that correspondingly harmed another. The fact now generally known—that they were betrothed and that the engagement was openly announced—made no difference.

Without being able to analyze his conduct, the regiment was satisfied that it had been selfish and contemptible, and that was enough to warrant giving him the cold shoulder. He was quick to see and take the hint and in bitter distress of mind to withdraw himself from their companionship. He had hoped and expected that his eagerness to go with them on the wild and sudden campaign would reinstate him in their good graces, but it failed utterly. "Any man would seek that," was the verdict of the informal council held by the officers. "He would have been a poltroon if he hadn't sought to go, but while he isn't a poltroon he has done a contemptible thing." And so it stood. Rollins had cut him dead, refused his hand and denied him a chance to explain. "Tell him he can't explain," was the savage reply he sent by the adjutant, who consented to carry Jerrold's message in order that he might have fair play. "He knows, without explanation, the wrong he has done to more than one. I won't have anything to do with him."

Others avoided him and only coldly spoke to him when speech was necessary. Chester treated him with marked aversion; the colonel would not look at him; only Armitage—his captain—had a decent word for him at any time, and even he was stern and cold. The most envied and careless of the entire command, the Adonis, the beau, the crack shot, the graceful leader in all garrison gayeties, the beautiful dancer, rider, tennis player, the adored of so many sentimental women at Sibley, poor Jerrold had found his level, and his proud and sensitive though selfish heart was breaking.

Sitting alone under the trees, he had taken a sheet of paper from his pocket case and was writing by the light of the rising moon. One letter was short and easily written, for, with a few words, he had brought it to a close, then folded and in a bold and vigorous hand addressed it. The other was far longer, and over this one, thinking deeply, erasing some words and pondering much over others, he spent a long hour. It was nearly midnight, and he was chilled to the heart when he stiffly rose and took his way among the blanketed groups to the campfire, around which so many of his wearied comrades were sleeping the sleep of the tired soldier. Here he tore to fragments and scattered in the embers some notes and letters that were in his pockets. They blazed up brightly, and by the glare he stood one moment studying young Rollins' smooth and placid features. Then he looked around on the unconscious circle of bronzed and bearded faces. There were many types of soldier there—men who had led brigades through the great war and gone back to the humble bars of the line officer at its close; men who had led fierce charges against the swarming Indians in the rough old days of the first prairie railways; men who had won distinction and honorable mention in hard and trying frontier service; men who had their faults and foibles and weaknesses like other men and were aggressive or compliant, strong willed or yielding, overbearing or meek, as are their brethren in other walks of life; men who were simple in heart, single in purpose and ambition, diverse in characteristics, but unanimous in one trait—no meanness could live among them—and Jerrold's heart sank within him, colder, lower, stonier than before, as he looked from face to face and cast up mentally the sum of each man's character.

His hospitality had been boundless, his bounty lavish; one and all they had eaten of his loaf and drunk of his cup, but was there among them one who could say of him, "He is generous, and I stand his friend?" Was there one of them, one of theirs, for whom he had ever denied himself a pleasure, great or small? He looked at poor old Gray, with his wrinkled, anxious face, and thought of his distress of mind. Only a few thousands—not three years' pay—had the veteran scraped and saved and stored away for his little girl, whose heart was aching with its first cruel sorrow—his work, his undoing, his cursed, selfish greed for adulation, his reckless love of love. The morrow's battle, if it came, might leave her orphaned and alone, and, poor as it was, a father's pitying sympathy could not be her help with the coming year. Would Gray mourn him if the fortune of war made him the victim? Would any one of those averted faces look with pity and regret upon his stiffening form? Would there be any one on earth to whom his death would be a sorrow but Nina? Would it even be a blow to her? She loved him wildly, he knew that, but would she were she to dream the truth? He knew her nature well. He knew how quickly such burning love could turn to fiercest hate when convinced that the object was utterly untrue. He had said nothing to her of the photograph, nothing at all of Alice, except to protest time and again that his attentions to her were solely to win the good will of the colonel's family and of the colonel himself, so that he might be proof against the machinations of his foes. And yet had he not that very night on which he crossed the stream and let her peril her name and honor for one stolen interview—had he not gone to her exultant welcome with a traitorous knowledge gnawing at his heart? That very night, before they parted at the colonel's door, had he not lied to Alice Renwick, had he not denied the story of his devotion to Miss Beaubien, and was not his practiced eye watching eagerly the beautiful dark face for one sign that the news was welcome and so precipitate the avowal trembling on his lips that it was her he madly loved—not Nina? Though she hurriedly bade him good night, though she was unprepared for any such announcement, he well knew that Alice Renwick's heart fluttered at the earnestness of his manner, and that he had indicated far more than he had said.

Fear, not love, had drawn him to Nina Beaubien that night, and hope had centered on her more beautiful rival when the discoveries of the night involved him in the first trembling symptoms of the downfall to come. And he was to have spent the morning with her, the woman to whom he had lied in word, while she to whom he had lied in word and deed was going from him, not to return until the german, and even then he planned treachery. He meant to lead with Alice Renwick and claim that it must be with the colonel's daughter because the ladies of the garrison were the givers. Then he knew Nina would not come at all and possibly might quarrel with him on that ground. What could have been an easier solution of his troublous predicament? She would break their secret engagement; he would refuse all reconciliation and be free to devote himself to Alice. But all these grave complications had arisen. Alice would not come. Nina wrote demanding that he should lead with her and that he should meet her at St. Croix, and then came the crash. He owed his safety to her sacrifice and now must give up all hope of Alice Renwick. He had accepted the announcement of their engagement. He could not do less after all that had happened and the painful scene at their parting. And yet would it not be a blessing to her if he were killed? Even now in his self abnegation and misery he did not fully realize how mean he was—how mean he seemed to others. He resented in his heart what Sloat had said of him but the day before, little caring whether he heard it or not: "It would be a mercy to that poor girl if Jerrold were killed. He will break her heart with neglect or drive her mad with jealousy inside of a year." But the regiment seemed to agree with Sloat.

And so in all that little band of comrades he could call no man friend. One after another he looked upon the unconscious faces, cold and averted in the oblivion of sleep, but not more cold, not more distrustful, than when he had vainly sought among them one relenting glance in the early moonlight that battle eve in bivouac. He threw his arms upward, shook his head, with hopeless gesture, then buried his face in the sleeves of his rough campaign overcoat and strode blindly from their midst.

Early in the morning, an hour before daybreak, the shivering outpost, crouching in a hollow to the southward, catch sight of two dim figures shooting suddenly up over a distant ridge—horsemen, they know at a glance—and these two come loping down the moonlit trail over which two nights before had marched the calvary speeding to the rescue, over which in an hour the regiment itself must be on the move. Old campaigners are two of the picket, and they have been especially cautioned to be on the lookout for couriers coming back along the trail. They spring to their feet, in readiness to welcome or repel, as the sentry rings out his sharp and sudden challenge.

"Couriers from the corral," is the jubilant answer. "This Colonel Maynard's outfit?"

"Aye, aye, sonny," is the unmilitary but characteristic answer. "What's your news?"

"Got there in time and saved what's left of 'em, but it's a hell hole, and you fellows are wanted quick as you can come—30 miles ahead. Where's the colonel?"

The corporal of the guard goes back to the bivouac, leading the two arrivals. One is a scout, a plainsman born and bred, the other a sergeant of cavalry. They dismount in the timber and picket their horses, then follow on foot the lead of their companion of the guard. While the corporal and the scout proceed to the wagon fly and fumble at the opening, the tall sergeant stands silently a little distance in their rear, and the occupants of a neighboring shelter—the counterpart of the colonel's—begin to stir, as though their light slumber had been broken by the smothered sound of footsteps. One of them sits up and peers out at the front, gazing earnestly at the tall figure standing easily there in the flickering light. Then he hails in low tones:

"That you, Mr. Jerrold? What is the matter?"

And the tall figure faces promptly toward the hailing voice. The spurred heels come together with a click, the gauntleted hand rises in soldierly salute to the broad brim of the scouting hat, and a deep voice answers respectfully:

"It is not Mr. Jerrold, sir. It is Sergeant McLeod, ——th cavalry, just in with dispatches."

Armitage springs to his feet, sheds his shell of blankets and steps forth into the glade, with his eyes fixed eagerly on the shadowy form in front. He peers under the broad brim, as though striving to see the eyes and features of the tall dragoon.

"Did you get there in time?" he asks, half wondering whether that was really the question uppermost in his mind.

"It is not Mr. Jerrold, sir."

"In time to save the survivors, sir, but no attack will be made until the infantry get there."

"Were you not at Sibley last month?" asks the captain quickly.

"Yes, sir, with the competitors."

"You went back before your regimental team, did you not?"

"I— No, sir; I went back with them."

"You were relieved from duty at Sibley and ordered back before them, were you not?"

Even in the pallid light Armitage could see the hesitation, the flurry of surprise and distress in the sergeant's face.

"Don't fear to tell me, man. I would rather hear it than any news you could give me. I would rather know you were not Sergeant McLeod than any fact you could tell. Speak low, man, but tell me here and now. Whatever motive you may have had for this disguise, whatever anger or sorrows in the past, you must sink them now to save the honor of the woman your madness has periled. Answer me, for your sister's sake. Are you not Fred Renwick?"

"Do you swear to me she is in danger?"

"By all that's sacred, and you ought to know it."

"I am Fred Renwick. Now what can I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Charges of English Tailors.

A conversation with a fashionable tailor and another with a swell hosier, which I had a few days ago, have served to considerably enlighten me with regard to the fancies of the upper ten. Twelve to fourteen guineas, I was told, is the price usually paid by a young man about town for a dress suit, and 50 shillings is frequently charged for a pair of trousers. This latter seems incredible, but it must be remembered that the cloth is of very special make and costs the tailor himself half a guinea a yard. Mr. Gladstone, by the way, pays 35 shillings for his trousers. Mr. Robert Spencer, who has the reputation of being the best dressed man in the house of commons, does not object to giving between 40 and 50 shillings, while the Duke of Fife usually pays £2 10s. Eight to ten guineas is the price of a frock coat cut in the latest style. This is the sum paid by the Prince of Wales.

Eight to ten guineas is the price of an overcoat, while for an ordinary lounge suit the aristocrat has to pay 8 guineas. The best linen shirts, 25 shillings. Spun silk pants are sold a dozen at a time at the rate of 60 shillings apiece. A single silk vest costs a couple of guineas, and a pair of silk socks 12s. 6d. Many wealthy men have a rooted objection to wearing a pair of socks more than once. The boots of the Prince of Wales cost him £3 18s. per pair. The best braces range in price from half a guinea to a guinea for the embroidered article. Spats of the finest quality cost 16 shillings a pair, and scarfs for ties 12s. 6d. each. It must be borne in mind that these are the prices paid by wealthy men, or, at all events, men who pass as such. Long credit is the rule, and the tailor takes care to charge for it.—London Letter.

Slaughtered the Hog.

The Pittsburg Dispatch tells how a "railroad hog" was punished the other day. He had piled the space next to him in a car seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked him if any one was to occupy it he replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking car. "All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles. Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination and he started to gather up his effects. But the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark: "You can't take these bundles. You yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker." The fellow got mad and abusive, but the gentleman was inexorable.

Finally the conductor was called in, who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by any one on the train, then, by coming around to the depot tomorrow and identifying them satisfactorily we will give them to you." The man's face was as red as fire with rage, and he shook like gelatin, but he could do nothing, so, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car to jump off just as the train was pulling out from the station. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day, but swore revenge upon the man who played such a practical joke upon him.

Paul Jones and the Privateer.

The French embassador, the Duc de Vauguyon, committed the astounding faux pas of suggesting to Paul Jones that he take command of a French privateer and thus escape from his dangerous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones' reply to this was an instant and haughty demand for an apology, which was promptly forthcoming. No man hated privateering and its "infernal practices," as he calls them, more cordially than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers as "licensed robbers," and was naturally indignant at the affront offered him.

Some years afterward in a French port he had an amusing controversy on the subject with Captain Truxton, afterward the celebrated commodore. Truxton was then in the humble capacity of captain of a private ship bent on plunder. He had the assurance to raise a pennant in the presence of Paul Jones without asking his permission and in defiance of the act of congress forbidding a privateer to hoist a pennant under such circumstances without the permission of a naval ship's commander. They had a tart correspondence, and Commodore Truxton was evidently mightier with the sword than with the pen, as Paul Jones writes of him that there are in his letter "several words I do not understand and cannot find in the dictionary." Paul Jones sent him "a polite message" to haul down the pennant. This being disregarded, another polite message and Lieutenant Richard Deal with two armed boats were sent, and the pennant came down. —"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Seawell, in Century.

Apprehensive.

A youth who is yet classed as a small boy, in whose family there is a physician, came home recently from a visit to the M. D. and seemed to be full of knowledge. "I am not going to play games with kissing," he announced to his own family. "No more kissing games for me." He was pressed for a reason. "Well," he responded, with the air of a child having just made an important discovery, "there is so much disease going around, and most of it is caught by kissing, and who knows what the girls may have?"—Washington Post.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my little one?
Our world belongs to that clock, the sun.
Steady it spins; while the clock beats true
Days and seasons for me and you.
And tick, tick, tock, goes the mighty clock,
While time swings on below,
Now left, now right, now day, now night,
With a tick, tock to and fro.

The pussy willow in coat of fur,
A sweet pink rose in the wind astir,
A maple leaf with a crimson blush,
Then falling snowflakes and winter's hush.
While tick, tick, tock, goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Budding, blowing, shining, snowing,
With a tick, tock to and fro.

A little song when the heart is glad,
A little sigh when the way is sad,
Whether the shadows or sunbeams fall,
Sweet rest and dreaming at last for all,
While tick, tick, tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Smiling, sighing, singing, crying,
With a tick, tock to and fro.

So is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that clock, the sun,
And the hand that somewhere keeps the key
Is the same that holdeth you and me,
While tick, tick, tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Now left, now right, now day, now night,
With a tick, tock to and fro.
—Harriet F. Blodgett in St. Nicholas.

FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE.

Life's Moving Panorama Illustrated In a New York Street Scene.

A living picture of life's moving panorama was presented at Broadway and Twenty-third street one day last week. It was a procession. It was a procession formed by chance, but the utmost deliberation could not have made it tell a plainer story of life.

First came a wagon piled high with baby carriages—frail little vehicles to carry frail "inches of humanity" as they began the uncertain journey over the tortuous ways of this world.

Then followed a pony cart carrying two laughing boys advanced only far enough in the great highway of life to realize that there were roses in the path, but not to know of the thorns.

Behind the boys, in a dogcart drawn by a high stepping cob, were two youths on the threshold of manhood. One wore on the lapel of his coat a college pin on a bit of blue ribbon, the other a pin of different design on a yellow knot of silk. They were engaged in earnest conversation, apparently suggested by a highly colored theater poster representing a young woman who was advertised to appear on some stage.

A clanging gong was close behind, and a cable car crowded with impatient business men was hurrying its load to their posts to make the daily start in the wild race for money.

Next a handsome pair of horses, a stylish carriage, coachman and footman on the box, and in the carriage a rotund, red faced man, past middle age, and beside him a richly arrayed woman trying to appear to be on the sunny side of that middle line. Prosperity was written on every part of the equipage.

Then came an ash cart, and its dust, borne on the wind, reached and annoyed the occupants of the carriage. The driver walked at his horse's head, bowed, but not with years, and his face bore the marks of toil that had extended over his life since early youth.

Close behind the ash cart, with black horses, black plumes and a solemn visaged driver, came a hearse.—New York Herald.

A Long Road.

Farmers down in Dixie, like those in New England, have a very grim, but none the less indisputable, sense of humor on occasion, if this anecdote from Georgia is to be credited:

A farmer returning from town with an empty produce wagon overtook a young man plodding along with the discouraged air of a city man unused to dirt roads.

"Hello, Jersey," cried the stranger briskly. "Can a man get a lift to Vineland?"

"I don't see why he can't," responded the farmer in a noncommittal way.

"Then I'll take a ride," said the stranger, vaulting into the wagon and making himself comfortable.

After three or four miles had been traversed, the stranger paused in his inconsequential talk long enough to observe:

"It's quite a distance to Vineland."

"Yes, it is a distance," admitted the farmer.

Another mile was passed, and then the stranger inquired:

"About how far is it to Vineland?"

"Well," replied the farmer meditatively, "keepin straight ahead the way we're goin now, it's about 25,000 miles, but if you'll get out and hoof it back, it ain't more'n about six or seven."

The stranger got out and "hoofed" it back.—Providence Journal.

Singular Discovery.

An English author says that a man of middle age with whom he is acquainted found one of his eyes affected, as he thought, by reading small print at night and applied to a famous oculist for advice. The doctor examined him very carefully and presently inquired whether he had ever suffered any inconvenience from the other eye, the right one.

"None whatever," was the reply.

"Still," said the oculist dryly, "it is very important for you to preserve the sight of your left eye, inasmuch as you have never seen with the other since you were born!"—Youth's Companion.

The Banana.

Never cut a banana. According to Spanish superstition, it brings ill luck. In preparing always slice or jag it with a fork. Using the knife cuts through the cross, and in that land it is deemed a sacrilege. Besides it gives the fruit what the French call "taste of the knife."

Sheridan was a handsome young man, but in middle life dissipation destroyed every trace of his former good looks, and at first glance he seemed singularly repulsive.

The boots of the time of Louis XIV were often 2 feet broad at the top.

A STOLEN SECRET.

How Minister Jewell Learned to Make Russia Leather.

Jewell, like all men brought up to learn a trade, and who afterward gained prominence in affairs, made now and then unconscious revelations of his early training. During one of the campaigns in which he was engaged he found himself at a country hotel where the table was bounteous, but the rooms few and small. It was necessary in order that the whole party might be housed for each bed to be occupied by two persons. The governor's roommate was a young politician, who could not hide his surprise when the governor just before retiring rolled the sleeves of his night shirt even as far up as his shoulders, and then bathed his arms in cold water.

"You wonder why I do this," said the governor. "Well, I couldn't sleep unless I did. When I was a youngster learning the tanners' trade, I used to have my arms in the vats all day long, and at night my skin would smart as though I had been stung by nettles. I could not bear to have any cloth touch them. So I got the habit of rolling my shirt sleeves as far as I could, and thus I have slept ever since."

When Jewell was minister to Russia, he played a Yankee trick upon the Russians, the benefits of which we are reaping even to this day in this country. Like every other American tanner, he had long wanted to know the secret of the process of manufacturing Russian leather. He had experimented with a few dollars himself, only to learn that the secret was not to be discovered.

When at the court of St. Petersburg, he professed great interest in Russian industries and was shown through many of the manufacturies there. By and by there came an opportunity to go through a factory where Russia leather was manufactured. Jewell was all smiles and courtesies and seemed profoundly interested in those things which really did not interest him and wholly blind to the very things he went to that place to see. But he was not so blind as they thought. When he came out of that factory, he had discovered, as he believed, the process, and he brought the discovery back to this country with him, so that by and by the United States began to turn out a very good article of leather resembling the Russian product.—Philadelphia Press.

A HISTORICAL MYTH.

The Story of General Jackson's Cotton Bale Breastworks a Pleasing Fiction.

There are few of the schoolboys of several generations preceding the present who do not remember being taught that General Jackson won the battle of New Orleans by throwing up a breastwork of cotton bales and meeting the British assault behind them.

A dramatic account of this was in all the school histories and several others, and the novelty of the affair appealed vividly to the imagination. The cold facts of later history prove this all to have been fiction. Henry Adams, in his history of Madison's administration, describes the battle of New Orleans and mentions no such feature. McMaster, in his latest volume, refers to the story in a note only to say that there were two or three cotton bales used in one place, and they were either set on fire or knocked out at once.

Jackson's line of breastworks was of earth irregularly thrown up and of varying height along its length. The trained sharpshooters of the west did great work as marksmen behind it and so galled the heavily laden British troops that they had no alternative but to be shot or retreat before the American line.

The schoolbook story used to be that the Americans lost six killed and seven wounded. McMaster places the figures of killed and wounded at 70. The British, it seems, were not all repulsed according to the popular story. The right line of the American troops was driven in, and the British left advanced a mile in the rear of Jackson on the way to New Orleans.

He was really flanked by this success, but the terrific slaughter he inflicted upon the British in the center, involving the death of the first and second generals in command, completely dispirited them and induced the return of that wing of their army that was on the way to the city.—Boston Herald.

Lincoln and the Highwayman.

The following is a story of Abraham Lincoln which, if it is not true—as it probably is not—is at least entitled to a place in legendary literature: Lincoln was once riding along a lonely road when an ill looking man, who held a cocked revolver, suddenly faced him.

"What do you want, my friend?" Lincoln asked.

"I am going to shoot you," answered the man.

"Well," said Lincoln, "I don't mind being killed, but I should like to know your reasons."

"I once vowed," said the man, "that if I ever met a man homelier than I am I would shoot him."

Lincoln looked critically at his assailant for a minute, and then said:

"Well, if I am any homelier than you are, then for pity's sake shoot!"

Making Steady Progress.

"Yes, sir," said the long haired boarder, "I am fully satisfied in my own mind that woman should be vested with all the privileges of man."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be vested," chipped in the cheerful idiot. "She has been coated the same as man, and if this bicycle business keeps on she will be trous"—

The dinner bell rang, and in the mad rush ensuing the rest of the cheerful idiot's speech hit the empty air.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Keep Sunday Whole.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

Effie—Well, we can let the bishop win!—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
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Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Birth of Venus."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Ward and James.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Gismonda."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Jane."

CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1895.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE POPE'S DEAR ENGLISH.

If the Irish people three hundred and several odd years ago had fallen out with the reigning Pope on a question of divorce proceedings between, let us say, Shane O'Neill and one of his wives, and had followed their chief's example through, let us suppose, the fire of hell, they might be more thought about, even in Rome, than they are today. The English people left the Catholic church because Henry VIII wanted a new wife, while his old one still lived, and from that day to this the church of Rome has been exerting herself to bring them back to the pure fold they abandoned on so foul an issue. Everybody knows that Henry VIII was a brutal, sensual, disgusting beast, and also that he was one of the most popular kings that ever reigned in England. The glance of his swinish eyes cast upon a fair woman meant profanation. He was a monster of lust, of greed and cruelty—and the English people called him "burly King 'Arry," and "bluff King Hal."

Since his day, and particularly since the days of his daughter Elizabeth, who was another vile and foul-mouthed beast, England persecuted the Irish people—because they remained true to the Roman Catholic faith, as a vast majority—until within a very recent period. For 250 years "off and on," but particularly "on," the Irish people were ground into the most abject form of slavery by the beastly brood that took the vile Henry and his still viler daughter as models of English patriotism. Even to this day, Irish Catholics in most Protestant countries suffer social and political persecution as a result of the political injuries wrought upon their ancestors, and the slanders heaped upon them, by Henry VIII and his daughter's fellow countrymen.

For ages, the policy of the Roman court has sacrificed the interests of faithful, Catholic Ireland, which could not be turned aside by bribe or bayonet from the faith planted by Patrick, on the shrine of English reconversion to the church. Irish lay patriots have been proscribed by papal enactment; Irish national priests have been kept from wearing the mitre, and patriot prelates have been muzzled, all in the hope of getting the gross, conscienceless, avaricious mass of the English people, who care much more for Empire than for Heaven, to return to the Catholic church, which, when they were Catholics, they disgraced by their murders, plunderings, persecutions and general brutality. Never did a greater pack of atrocious blackguards disgrace the earth than the "Catholic" kings and "nobles" of England, from the reign of Henry II to that of the dropsical lecher who first set the example of secession from Rome. Nor did Protestantism improve the breed. James I was a rickety egotist of more than doubtful moral decency; Charles II was the most indecent ruffian, except, perhaps, Edward II, that ever emphasized the putridity of the "royal" line; William III was a dyspeptic infidel, who drew his sword for Protestantism as a cold matter of business; Anne, like William's wife, Mary, was an unnatural wretch who abandoned her unfortunate father, James II, in his day of agony; and who most likely connived at the exclusion of her own brother from the throne of his ancestors. The first two Georges rejoiced in giving English titles to their painted German mistresses. George III was a miserable old lunatic who, like his ancestors, hated the Pope worse than the devil; George IV was an embodiment of all the worst vices of all the royal vagabonds who had preceded him. William IV was a kingly ass, only a degree or two removed from idiocy; and Victoria—well she is old, and we prefer to refer the question of her sanity, to call it nothing worse, to the astral body of John Brown.

The English murdered, or allowed to be murdered, some of their most virtuous rulers. They had no use for virtuous kings. There wasn't enough "business" in them. They always much preferred monarchs who made half the husbands in London wear horns, like Edward IV. The English are a very practical people.

When Gerald Barry (Giraldus Cambrensis) landed in Ireland as secretary to Prince, afterward King, John, he visited several of the Irish hierarchs, and among them Donat, Archbishop of Cashel. Cambrensis complained bitterly of the Irish, saying they were rude, savage, treacherous and so on; also that they had never yet up to that period (about 1185) contributed any martyrs to the church. The Archbishop replied that the Irish might appear rude and barbarous in Barry's eyes, but, at least, they had always respected their prelates and priests. "But," added the Archbishop, "now that we have fallen into the hands of people who know how to make martyrs, and who do not even hesitate to lay their hands in violence upon and murder God's saints (alluding to the assassination of Thomas a Becket, archbishop of Canterbury by Henry II) Ireland will, no doubt, in future have her full proportion of martyrs." His words have been sadly verified.

Pope Leo, who has kindly invited the English Protestants to join the Catholic church, urges them to win back for England the title of "Land of Saints," which originally, he says, belonged to her. We object to this invasion of Ireland's ancient title of the "Island of Saints." Is Rome going to take away all our titles in order to bribe England back to her? From the day that the Bishop of Waterford married Eva McMurrough to the adventurer Strongbow, the Anglo-Norman yoke, either by church or by state, has been on the neck of Ireland. It was the unreformed Norman church that, with the bull of Adrian IV, reinforced by a calf from Alexander III, aided Henry II to gain the "submission" of the cowardly Irish provincial kings and the equally cowardly Irish Catholic bishops, when he came into Ireland as a "bad debt" collector for over due "Peter's pence." This Norman church "reformed" itself, in the foulness of Henry VIII, in the sixteenth century, and now it is invited back by the Pope in language of fatherly affection! Well, it is hardly likely that it will accept the invitation, but, if it does, it will march with banners spread, on the road to hell again, the first time an English Catholic king wants a divorce from "the wife of his bosom."

THAT TURK, TRAYNOR.

The diabolical rascals who are propagating the A.P.A. doctrine, on Canadian Orange lines, in this country, now propose to organize juvenile clubs of their devil's machine throughout the United States. Only think of it—the young, innocent minds, which should be filled only with the flowers of love and charitableness, are to be planted with wormwood and Orange lilies! Children are to be taught to hate their little brothers and sisters of the Catholic faith, and to worship a false God, arrayed with his followers against all that is good, and generous and loving on this earth. Surely the descendants of Cain must have found a footing in Ulster and in Canada, for what other regions could produce such moral monsters as Traynor & Co.? They won't even confine themselves to the stale old rams of the Orange flock; they must also seek to corrupt with the virus of bigotry the innocent lambs, of whom Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

"TAY PAY" ON ST. JOHN OF DUBLIN.

It takes Romans or Irishmen to canonize English saints. The poor Irish saints have to take their chances—the likes of them, indeed! The newest discovered English incomparable is the very homely gentleman, who, as secretary to the English lord lieutenant in Ireland, allows his police to assist felon sheriffs in burning the miserable cabins over the heads of wretched Irish tenants on the De Freyne estate and elsewhere. The discoverer is "Tay Pay" O'Connor, of the everlasting smile, and the ever-flowing tongue, and pen, of oiliest blarney. Mr. O'Connor may be described as an Englishman born in Athlone, who feels himself too big for an Irish constituency, and, therefore, squats for an English one. Tom's latest British idol is Morley—John Morley, who once denounced Dublin Castle as a den of iniquity, or something of that kind, but who is now under deep obligations to the common English hangman for executing alleged Irish moonlighters. The Queen's O'Connor says of the Queen's Morley:

"His speeches on the platform are in curious contrast with those in the house of commons. Those, indeed, who have never heard him from a platform, can have little idea of his immense hold over an audience—of the passion and enthusiasm he can produce. In that arena all disappears; there is complete self-confidence; and the voice, clear, far-reaching, and laden with passion, has a power you never feel in it in the house of commons. And his speeches, wherever delivered, are wonderful things to read. No speaker of his time has a finer imagination—a more copious command of striking, memorable, and eloquent phrases. There is no Englishman, for instance, whose words have produced the effect and the awakening on the Irish question which were produced by the speeches of Mr. Morley in the early days of the great struggle. They had a grasp of current facts, which was wanting in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone; a passion and sincerity which were not to be found in the speeches, brilliant though they were, of Sir William Harcourt—a glow that is lacking to even the very eloquent speeches of Mr. Asquith."

Yes Morley, like all of his kind, was "great" on the Irish question in "the early days of the 'great' struggle," but his greatness went back on him when he became secretary for Ireland. O'Connor was one of the immaculate persons who aided in crucifying Parnell at the bidding of Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, and other "English wolves," who finally succeeded in devouring him. Oh, he is an unctuous party is Tom—very English indeed, in sentiment; very English in everything except his contempt for his own country and his admiration for her deadly foe.

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC ORGAN.

Hon. Martin J. Russell, collector of customs; H. W. Seymour, late managing editor of the *Herald*, and other gentlemen of the Democratic persuasion, are about to start a daily paper, to represent their party views, in this city shortly. It will be called the *Chronicle*, and will advance the Democratic banners with all the old party inscriptions written strongly upon their folds. Russell and Seymour are stalwarts in the Democratic sense. Since Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat purchased the *Times-Herald* and *Evening Post*, at the death of James W. Scott, the Democracy have been without a daily organ in Chicago. Therefore Messrs. Russell and Seymour are filling "a want" more or less "long felt," and, no doubt, as is their custom, they will succeed. The establishment of the *Chronicle* will be productive of good in the newspaper world—the more employment for good journalists the better; and it will also have the effect of giving Republican editors a chance to write brilliant editorials, contradicting conscientiously every argument advanced in the *Chronicle* by their able Democratic opponents. They will agree on hardly any subject under the sun, and this is as it should be.

MR. M'ARDLE COMPLIMENTED.

Mr. P. L. McArdle, the able young lawyer who has been assistant prosecuting attorney of this city for several years, has resigned the position in order to enter actively on the practice of law. Mr. McArdle has opened offices in the Chicago Opera House Building, and THE CITIZEN predicts for him a brilliant career in his onerous and honorable profession.

Mr. McArdle, who is a consistent Democrat, was agreeably surprised to receive from City Prosecuting Attorney William H. Tatge, the following, soon after the latter's appointment by Mayor Swift:

"CHICAGO, May 2.—*P. L. McArdle, Esq.—Dear Sir:* Your services as assistant city prosecuting attorney are duly appreciated by me, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for the fidelity with which you have served the city. I request you in appreciation of these services to continue to act as assistant in the office, and would be pleased to receive from you a favorable reply. Respectfully yours, WM. H. TATGE."

In reply to the foregoing, Mr. McArdle stated his reasons for leaving the office, and warmly thanked Mr. Tatge for the compliment he had paid him, asking at the same time the acceptance of his resignation. To this communication Mr. Tatge replied in the following terms:

"CHICAGO, May 10.—*P. L. McArdle, Esq.:* In compliance with your request, that your resignation be accepted as soon as possible, I regretfully notify you that your wish has been fulfilled. I have accepted your resignation, to take effect May 13 at 7 a.m. Regretting that the department loses so valuable and efficient an officer as you have been, I take this opportunity of thanking you for the faithfulness with which you have served, and I wish you that success in your private business, which you richly deserve. WILLIAM H. TATGE.

MEADE VS. CLEVELAND.

Rear Admiral Richard Meade, of the United States Navy, is in trouble because he criticised the course of Big Steve and Hilary Herbert in Central America. He is threatened with court-martial and all kinds of evil, simply because he is a patriot. Discipline in the navy must be maintained, of course, but there are extenuating circumstances in Admiral Meade's case. He saw his country dishonored by a foreign power, and the guns of his men-of-war remained dumb—tongue tied by orders from Washington. We would have little respect for Meade, as a man, if he did not feel outraged at seeing the Monroe doctrine violated without a single American gun going off in protest.

Now, if Meade is to be court-martialed, why should not Cleveland be impeached? Has he not neglected the interests of the country in allowing the British to land on Nicaraguan soil? Has he not allowed the unwritten law of the Monroe doctrine to be shamefully violated? Has he not outraged the sentiment of the whole nation by his abject moral cowardice? He has not even yet developed beyond the intellectual requirements of a Buffalonian sheriff of long, long ago. Andrew Johnson came very near being impeached for acts scarcely less reprehensible. Therefore, if Meade is going to be court-martialed, Cleveland should suffer impeachment; and be tried first.

A LONDON "CAWTHOLIC" SNEAK.

Our Australian Catholic contemporary, the Sydney *Freeman's Journal*, has had its eyes opened to the true sentiments of the Pope's dear English Catholics in regard to the Irish people. The dear English Catholics have no room in their chilly hearts for their Irish brethren in the faith. How could they have—the spawn of the Norman robbers? In an editorial headed "No Irish Need Apply," the *Freeman's Journal* says:

"This old cry comes from a new quarter this time. Hitherto we have been accustomed to hear it from inveterate enemies of the Protestant persuasion, originating with the most inveterate of all, the London *Times*. Of course it spiced and peppered the salads prepared for lighter English digestion in the pungent days of London *Punch*—pungent no longer for strong stomachs of that kind under present Catholic editorship. If we should next hear that the anti-Irish *Times* itself had transmigrated into Catholic management we should not be in the least surprised, if the dominating influence was more English than Catholic. Then we should realize the full bitterness of its hostility to Irish Catholics—for a century-long hate for favors conferred on their English co-religionists—for redemption from the bonds of religious serfdom, and from the position, socially and politically, of 'mean whites' in England itself. It would really not be a tangible transmigration—for then we should see a doubly-distilled rancour, which only co-religionist antipathies can inspire, in the 'not Irish' character of its pages. St. George *versus* the Dragon would be nothing to it—it would be St. George *and* the Dragon *versus* the Irish race, root and branch. * * * The London *Tablet*, the ecclesiastical Catholic organ of England, and its supporters, are evidently hostile to Irish servants or 'help.' Referring to an advertisement for a nurse, 'Catholic and not Irish,' in that journal, a satirically humorous letter appears in the last issue to hand (which we reprint elsewhere). The writer, suggestively signing herself 'Johanna Cromwell,' writes: 'I felt with delight that I was back to the good old days, when my eyes were gladdened with the warning 'no Irish need apply.'' 'Let Bridget,' the writer adds with bitter irony of some of the recent impotent appeals to the Irish in England, in the *Tablet*—'let Bridget, if she pleases, give her pence to build our churches and maintain our priests and support our voluntary schools, but she shall not pollute our English homes!' And this stinging rebuke, which would now be twenty years out of date if addressed to any decent journal in England, is flung in the face, not of an open and avowed enemy of our race, but a sneaking, sanctimonious, smug preacher of what it calls religion—in its mouth, religion without charity—the very *Tartuffe* of Catholic journalism."

We have no doubt whatever that the dear, delightful English Catholic editor of the London *Tablet* would take a conscientious delight in burning some Irish Joan of Arc at the stake.

THE McCarthyite papers in Ireland are making a great display of triumph over one O'Kelly's election in East Wicklow over one Sweetman, the Parnellite, who recently seceded from the "Cartys." People on this side the ocean don't care a continental copper about any man elected in Ireland to enter that imperial man trap called the British parliament.

CAPT. JOSEPH A. EAGLE, for a long time a prominent merchant in this city, and a gallant veteran of the Civil War, died at his West Side home Wednesday of last week, of a complication of diseases. He leaves a large family.

THE Pope has composed a special prayer to the Virgin Mary for the "holy" English, who have loaded her, during 350 years, with the foulest epithets known to the copious English vocabulary. The Pope is, truly, a charitable pontiff. However, the English badly need the prayers of both the Virgin and his Holiness.

A DANCE and cotillon were given by Holy Name Court, W.C.O.F., at the Marquette Club, Wednesday evening. The favors were flowers. Kinsley served and Fitzgerald's Orchestra had charge of the music. The committee of arrangements consisted of Misses Gallery, Phelan, Morrison and Lee, and Messrs. English and Gormely.

STRANGE is it not, fellow Romans and countrymen? The London *Times* published Pigott's forgeries of Parnell's "letters." The same virtuous organ published the advance sheets of the Pope's encyclical to his beloved English! The Lord save us!

Real Faith never grows weak by having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints be patient and the result will be satisfactory. Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

GOING TO EUROPE.

Archbishop Riordan and Rev. D. O. Crowley, of San Francisco.

Archbishop Riordan and Rev. D. O. Crowley will leave for New York en route to Europe this evening, says the San Francisco *Call* of the 6th inst. The Archbishop goes directly to Rome and his travelling companion will visit Ireland, the land of his birth. It is compulsory on the part of an archbishop of the Catholic church to visit in person or by delegate the ancient city at least once in ten years and make a full report to the propaganda relative to the standing of the diocese over which he presides. This is the purpose that compels the Archbishop of San Francisco to cross the Atlantic at this time. His last visit to Rome was in 1886. His Grace will be absent several months.

Father Crowley was kept very busy saying good-bye to his friends, who are legion, at the Youths' Directory, 2035 Howard street, over which he presides. There was a series of receptions during the day. Father Crowley is one of the best known priests in San Francisco. It was his zeal, skill and ceaseless energy that made the directory the splendid home for orphan boys that it is today. He is to San Francisco what the late Father Drumgoole was to New York—father and friend to the boys of the street.

Father Crowley will attend the centenary of Maynooth, the great ecclesiastical college of Ireland, where thousands of brilliant young priests were graduated and sent forth to teach Christian love and doctrine in distant lands. The centenary will occur in June. The Irish priests up to 1795 were educated in Paris or Louvain, at Antwerp, Lisle or Douay, at Bordeaux or Rouen, at Salamanca or at St. Isidore's. In 1789 the Irish parliament—for Ireland was an independent nation then and this country had ceased to be a colony—established Maynooth College with a grant of £8000 a year. In 1845 the grant was increased to £26,300 a year, and from that time forth Maynooth became a great theological school.

It was the intention of Father Crowley's friends to present him with a testimonial of their respect and esteem on the eve of his departure, and at least a purse of $1,000 was in sight when the reverend gentleman learned of the project and at once informed the committee, notwithstanding the deep gratitude he felt at the generous compliment which his friends had intended to confer upon him, he was nevertheless unalterably opposed to accepting the testimonial for his private or personal use.

A large number of gentlemen, friends of Father Crowley, assembled last evening at St. Charles Hall, Eighteenth and Shotwell streets, and proceeded thence in a body to the Youths' Directory, for the purpose of wishing "God-speed" to the reverend president of the institution Father Crowley. The reverend gentleman warmly welcomed his visitors, and during the evening was the recipient of the most hearty assurances of the esteem and good will which they, in common with their fellow-citizens in general, entertain toward him.

His long years of labor in providing shelter, maintenance and education for homeless boys of the city, and his untiring efforts for the moral and social welfare of the hard-working masses of our people with whom he is so deservedly popular, where themes upon which the speakers dwelt with evident pleasure, and it must have been gratifying to the good father to observe the warmth and sincerity of their utterances. In speaking of the action of his friends in regard to the pecuniary offering which they intended to present him, and which was abandoned in obedience to his own positive and peremptory request, the reverend father declared that the proofs of their friendship in this particular respect, although not accepted by him, would, nevertheless, be always held in his grateful remembrance.

Among the gentlemen present were: Rev. P. J. Cummins, Rev. W. G. O'Mahony, Matthew I. Sullivan, Jeremiah Mahoney, Dr. M. C. O'Toole, John M. Burnett, Dr. J. F. Gibbon, D.J. Costello, John B. McIntyre, T. P. Riordan, Thos. R. Bannerman, Charles McAuliffe, Dr. John Gallagher, Charles McCrystal, John Blake, Jeremiah Deasy, A. B. Maguire, Thos. Crimmins, George Lainey, Edward Fay, Capt. James Fallon, Thos. Fay, Edward J. Coffey, J. Kelleher and E. J. Mahoney.

TEXAS IRISHMEN PROTEST

Against the Occupation of Nicaragua.

(Houston, Tex., Post, May 4.)

Emmet Council held a regular meeting yesterday afternoon. There was a good attendance, seventy-two members being present, and five new members were initiated. The committee on the concert given March 17 for the benefit of St. Joseph's Infirmary reported that over $500 had been realized for that institution. The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, We have been informed through the press dispatches that the government of Great Britain has landed an armed force upon the continent at the city of Corinto, within the territory of Nicaragua, ostensibly for the purpose of collecting an indemnity from that republic for the expulsion of Consul Hatch, who was expelled from Nicaragua for interfering with the domistic affairs of that republic; and

"WHEREAS, Such acts are in direct conflict with the Monroe doctrine, which is held sacred by every liberty-loving citizen, as well as a violation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which expressly pledges Great Britain against any occupation of Nicaraguan territory; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we issue this, our protest, against any and all actions by whatever pretext, excuse or technicality of international law that may be sought as a subterfuge to occupy any territory of any government upon the continent of America; be it further

"*Resolved*, That we call upon the president of the United States of America to enforce the laws and usages heretofore held sacred and inviolate by his predecessors in office with regard to the Monroe doctrine and that our minister to England be instructed to demand the immediate withdrawal of British forces from Corinto; and be it further

"*Resolved*, That this, our protest, be transmitted to the government of Nicaragua through Dr. Gusman, their minister to the United States, with the assurance that as citizens of a sister republic we stand ready to defend their rights in accordance with the doctrines as set forth by James Monroe, one of our most honored and worthy presidents; and be it further

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to President Cleveland through Secretary of State Gresham, and that copies be furnished the Galveston *News* and to the press of the city of Houston and request the publication hereof in all papers indorsing the foregoing sentiment."

SILVER IDEA IS SPREADING.

Patrick Egan Thinks Chauncey Depew's Observation Too Superficial.

NEW YORK, May 11.—Patrick Egan, ex-United States minister to Chili, takes issue with Chauncey M. Depew, who recently declared, after a western trip, that the free silver craze was dying out. Mr. Egan, who arrived from Chicago tonight, expressed his conviction in regard to the silver movement.

"I doubt seriously," he said, "that Mr. Depew on his trip came in touch with the actual sentiment of the people. I fear he has been deluded. Having been a resident of the West and knowing the people as I do, I am free to say I believe the silver agitation has only begun, and unless a reaction sets in will become cyclonic before the fall of 1896. If a candidate opposed to the free coinage of silver is nominated his election will at least be problematical.

"Republicans seem to be overconfident. It would not be a bad idea for the party leaders to send some trustworthy men to the Western States and let them listen and learn of the real sentiment of the people. There may be a new formation of party lines. New conditions may confront us within the year, but the outlook now is that the advocates of free silver coinage will demand a hearing at the national convention or they will make trouble. I find, too, the feeling is not alone confined to the West and South, but is spreading eastward.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN FITZPATRICK.

Mr. John Fitzpatrick, an old resident of Chicago, died in San Diego, Cal., on Wednesday of last week, whither he had gone last November to seek restoration to health. Mr. Fitzpatrick was born in Claremorris, Ireland, sixty-five years ago, and came to Chicago in 1853. He engaged in the business of manufacturing soaps and refining grease and tallow, and continued in that business up to the time of his death. He had always been an active worker in the cause of religion and charity in the Church of the Holy Family since its foundation. He leaves a widow and one adopted son, John M. Fitzpatrick; one brother, James C. Fitzpatrick, and one sister, Mrs. Mary Prendergast.

The remains of Mr. Fitzpatrick were brought to Chicago for interment, and the funeral took place last Thursday from his late residence, No. 326 Centre avenue, to Holy Family church, where solemn requiem high mass was celebrated, thence by cars to Calvary cemetery. The funeral was under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Married Men's Sodality, of which societies he was an active member.

FUNERAL OF CAPT. JAMES A. EAGLE.

The funeral of Capt. James A. Eagle, who died on the 8th inst. at his residence, No. 395 Warren avenue, was held on Friday week. The Rev. Father Wolf, of St. Malachy's church, said mass and the Rev. Father Code, of the same parish, officiated at the grave. The pall-bearers were: C.S. MacCarty, E. Marum, F. C. Brown, H. W. Grubb, J. T. Shannon, and J. C. Coughlin. The burial was at Calvary.

DEATH OF MOTHER SARTORIUS.

The Rev. Mother Sartorius, superior-general of the religious order of the Sacred Heart, died on Wednesday of last week in Paris. She was the temporal head of the whole order, numbering about 6,000 members. Her name was Augusta Pulcharia Josephine Schuberta Sartorius. She was of a noble Prussian family, and was born in 1830. She took the religious habit at the age of 26 years and became a mother superior in 1867. For two years she governed a house in New Orleans, and was vicar of all the houses in the South. She also governed houses in Blumenthal, Holland, and in Paris. She was made superior-general July 22, 1854, succeeding Mother Lehon, who died March 28, 1894. Before her elevation to the place of superior-general Mother Sartorius was for a year vicar-general to Mother Lehon.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

Tickets have just been issued for a grand entertainment to be given June 10 at Apolo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society (Holy Family conference). An interesting programme is in preparation; the Young Men's Sodality "Minstrels" will be an important feature. Patrons may figure on this coming entertainment to exceed all former ones, as the liberal manner in which the public patronized St. Vincent de Paul entertainments in past years has encouraged the entertainment committee to make that of June 10 something special, and it may be said there is an agreeable surprise in store for the good people of Holy Family parish. When the pleasant July evenings approach pleasant recollections of the "minstrels" at Apolo Hall will be a topic of conversation with recollections of harmless amusement not to be forgotten. But apart from this there is a higher motive to be considered: God's poor, for whose benefit the St. Vincent de Paul Society labors unceasingly, their hearts too will be gladdened; there will be a prospective half-ton of coal in view, if dispossessed from their humble home there will be a prospect of securing shelter, the little ones cannot go to school without shoes, the necessary requirements for the first holy communion will be wanted, and perhaps shoes and clothing for grown persons to attend mass on Sunday would be needed. Few who are deserving are allowed to go wanting. Those unable to attend the entertainment should help to swell the little treasury by purchasing a few 25c tickets.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

WHEN I AM BALD.*

When I am bald, and oh! how soon
Will nature take from me that boon,
And leave a gaping world to stare
On this poor head without a hair?
Let me, ere youth is gone, be called
Down to the grave before I'm bald.

When I am bald the verdant Spring
To me no scenes of joy will bring;
Nor will the song-bird's gentle lay
Make glad for me the Summer's day;
Nor flowery dell, nor shady wald
Can cheer my heart when I am bald.

When I am bald the mother dear
Will tell her daughter look with fear
Before she plights her love to one—
Unless he's rich—whose hair is gone;
Before her life becomes enthralled
As serf to him whose head is bald.

Ere I am bald, oh! let me stray
In pleasure's paths my life away;
But when the glaze comes on my head
Then have me numbered with the dead
For joy and youth can't be recalled,
I know too well, when I am bald.

Let me be gray, I'll dye my head
In any color, black or red,
But leave, ye gods! a few thin spears
To crown my knob and hide my ears.
Keep from this head that ugly scald
That makes me old because I'm bald.

Give me rheumatics, cramps or gout,
But don't leave this poor head without
A hair to save it from the flies,
Or shade it from the Summer skies.
Oh! let me die ere I'm installed
With wicked men whose heads are bald.

But why regret the certain fate
That comes to most men soon or late?
Because we know that Cupid's dart
Will not be pointed at the heart,
When maiden's vision is appalled
By hairless head, that's bleak and bald.

*By a bachelor Judge of the Chicago bench.

IRISH ITEMS.

Dr. Douglas Hyde will shortly publish, through Messrs. Fisher Unwin, a new work containing several very interesting poems translated from the Irish. Some of these are from the pen of the illustrious St. Columkille, and the volume will also contain a poem of Dr. Hyde's, "Deirdie," which gained the Vice-Chancellor's prize in Trinity College in the year 1887. From Dr. Hyde's deservedly high reputation as an Irish scholar and poet the appearance of this new book of his will be awaited with very great interest.

An extraordinary scene occurred at Curranstown, near Clonmel, on April 21, when the sheriff's party and a force of police attempted to carry out an eviction for non-payment of rent. The defaulting tenant's farm is an extensive one, and the house, strongly barricaded, was held by a numerous party, who threw boiling water and lime on the sheriff's party, two of whom were seriously injured. A large crowd was present, and it was deemed advisable not to make any arrest. The eviction was abandoned.

At the meeting of the Feis Executive Committee, held at No. 11 Clare street, April 22, important steps were taken in connection with the inauguration of a guarantee fund. An animated discussion also took place with reference to the nature of the programme to be gone through at the festival. A sub-committee was appointed to consider this important matter, and to draw up a draft scheme for the consideration of the general committee. This sub-committee cousists of Dr. Annie Patterson, Dr. Joseph Smith, Dr. Collisson, Mr. Joseph Seymour, Mus Bac; Mr. Cree, Surgeon-General King, Mr. P. J. McSweeney and Mr. G. McSweeney.

At the last meeting of the Fermoy Board of Guardians, Mr. J. Sisk, chairman, presiding, a resolution was unanimously adopted on the motion of Col. Johnson, D.L., seconded by Mr. Aeckin, D.V.C., in favor of the establishment of a Pasteur Institute in Dublin for the treatment of hydrophobia cases.

The remains of Kathleen Mary, the eldest daughter of Michael Davitt, were removed for interment from Land League Cottage, Ballybrack, to Glasnevin cemetery, on April 21. Many wreaths were sent, including one, "To our darling little Kathleen, our sweet sister any playmate, from her own affectionate brothers. Michael and Cahir, and loving sister Eileen." Another was, "With deep sympathy from all in Emerald Lodge." Others were from Mr. and Mrs. James Rourke, Mrs. Jordan, Swinford; Mr. Val. Kilbride, Miss McCormack, Castlebar; Patrick and Miss McCormack, Miss O'Reilly, Baldoyle; Miss Healy, Mr. and Mrs. James Collins.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Cork United Trades' Association, held April 25, Mr. J. H. Jolly, president, in the chair, a deputation from the Dublin Glass bottle Makers' Society, consisting of Messrs. McCloskey and L. Byrne, appeared before the association to impress upon Cork tradesmen and upon the traders of Cork the necessity of supporting the Dublin glass-cutting industry. The members of the deputation stated that they had been in Cork for the past few days, and had gone round to the various firms of bottlers in the city, from whom they had almost invariably met with promises of support. They impressed upon the traders the necessity of supporting Irish manufacture, and also showed the different bottling firms that by supporting the Dublin trade they would confer benefits upon the cork-cutters of Ireland. At the forthcoming Trades' Congress to be held in Cork in June, they would issue placards and show cards, which would show the various traders in the city the way to recognize the Dublin-made bottles. They relied on the patriotic instincts of Corkmen to support Irish manufacture. The president expressed his pleasure at the attendance of the deputation, and said he had the authority of one of the most eminent scholars in Europe, the late Dr. O'Sullivan, of the Queen's college, for stating that forty or fifty years ago Cork was actually the home of cut glass. English capitalists and manufacturers were jealous of the perfection that Cork cut glass had attained. There were cases where glass was sent across from England in a certain stage in order to be cut in Cork, and it was subseqnently sent back to England to be sold. The English people then became jealous of the attainments of Cork workmen, and by great efforts they succeeded in fomenting a strike. A syndicate was formed in England, which sent across an agent, who paid the workmen in Cork, with the result that they went out on strike. The glass-cutting industry in Cork then died a natural death, and never since was revived, as the agent succeeded in bringing over the skilled workmen to England. He impressed upon the traders the necessity of supporting the Dublin glass-cutting industry, and hoped that the patriotism of Corkmen would prompt them to support Irish manufacture alone.

GAELIC POETRY.

Neamh-Shuim 'San n-Gaedhilig.

(Le Padruig Stándán.)

Ni olfad a sláinte 's ni chainfead "Bean an Fhir Ruaidh,"
Ni'l binb(1) im' dhán, ag lámhach mo labhartha cruaidh,
Acht ag deanamh uchlán(2) gur táir, gur tair-cuisneach truagh,
Ar d-teanga dhil árna dob' árd i ngradam na suadh.

An tan do bhi Brian go dian ag leagadh na n-All(3),
An tan do bhi Eoghan 'sa shlóighte go h-eofuinneach oll(4),
An tan do bhi réidh-chnuic Eireann faoi dhair agus choll,
Dob' annamh ag aon-neach bhéarsa i d-teangaidh na n-Gall.

Faire go deó! nach dóighte damanta an feall!
Ar d-teanga dhearóil tre chóchadh danar, le treall;(5)
Le tamall ni'l beo di acht blógh bheag abhus agus thall,
'S ni mar sin badh chóir, acht gan óg na sean uirri dall.

Tá "Connradh na Gaedhilge" le tréimhse ag obair go teann,
Má chuireann ár g-cléir le chéile 's gach oide le fonn,
Ni'l darn(6) i n-Eirinn na sgéithfidh i feasta le greann,
Labharfaidh gach n-aon i, 's ni beoghal di danar na deamhan.

1. binb—venom, fire, force.
2. uchlán—sorrow, lamentation.
3. na n-All: na n-Allmhdrach—of the strangers, sea-rovers.
4. oll—great, mighty.
5. treall—a short space of time.
6. darn—a school.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at New York on Wednesday morning.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown Tuesday at 6 p.m.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Britannic, sailing from New York May 15: Mr. and Mrs. Jardine, San Francisco, Cal.; A. R. Peterson, H. Forester, Chicago; Capt. John Green Balance, Peoria, Ill.; Miss Grace Merrill, Miss Mabel Brighton, Mrs. Anna R. Sheldon, Miss Ella Gernon, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanderson, San Francisco, Cal.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

OLD JINGLES.

The following time-honored jingles regarding marriages and births, quoted from an interesting collection entitled "Old Superstitions," are always of interest:

Marry Monday, for wealth,
Marry Tuesday, for health,
Marry Wednesday, best day of all.
Marry Thursday, for crosses,
Marry Friday, for losses,
Marry Saturday, no luck at all.

Born on Monday,
Fair of face;
Born on a Tuesday,
Full of grace;
Born on a Wednesday,
Merry and glad;
Born on a Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born on a Friday,
Godly given;
Born on a Saturday,
Work for a living;
Born on a Sunday,
Never shall want;
So there's the week
And the end on't.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
Thursday's child is sour and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for his living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Has a shining journey adown life's way.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

H. R. EAGLE

California Dried Grapes, per lb	1½ cents
Spanish Prunelles, per lb	7 cents
Good Rolling Pins, each	2 cents
25 Henry Clay Cigars for	37 cents
Enoch Morgan Sapolio, per cake	5 cents
Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder	3 cents
Pearline Washing Powder	3 cents
1-lb can Price's or Royal Baking Powder	29 cents
Edam Cheese, in foil	69 cents
Eagle Brand Condensed Milk	14 cents
Gallon cans Tomatoes	13½ cents

We have no branch stores and do not contemplate opening any. The only place we sell goods is at 68 and 70 Wabash-av., where you can always buy reliable goods at a less price than elsewhere.

3-lb cans Baltimore Yellow Peaches 3-lb cans California Apricots 3-lb cans California Green Gages 3-lb cans California Egg Plums	Per can, 9 cents
1-lb cans Cove Oysters, 5 cents; 2-lb cans	9 cents
25 bars Good Laundry Soap for	49 cents
Best bulk Laundry Starch, per lb	3 cents
Half gallon Spanish Indigo Blue for	15 cents
Red Seal Lye, per can, 5 cents; Babbitt's Lye	7 cents
Toilet Paper, per roll	2 cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
Good Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	20 cents
Potted Ham, per can, 4 cents; 3-lb cans Golden Pumpkin	4 cents
2-lb cans Gooseberries, 5 cents; 2-lb cans Lima Beans	3½ cents
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	4 cents
½-lb cans Crescent Baking Powder	2 cents
1-lb cans Spa Baking Powder	5 cents
3-lb cans Apple Butter	5 cents
3-lb cans Tomatoes	4½ cents
New Apple Cider, per gallon	8 cents
10 lbs Sal. Soda	9 cents
Boneless Codfish	4 cents
Fresh Ginger Snaps, per lb	4 cents
Bulk Macaroni, per lb	3½ cents
English Currants, per lb	1 cent

SPICES.	PER LB	DRIED FRUITS.	
Whole Pepper	9 cents.	Fancy Evaporated Apples, lb	8 cents
Whole Allspice		Fancy Evaporated Pears, lb	7 cents
Whole Cloves		Fancy London Layer Raisins, lb	5 cents
Ground Pepper		California Apricots, per lb	6 cents
Ground Mustard		California Peaches, per lb	1½ cents

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour $3.79

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s

"Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	49 cents
50-lb Bags, each	98 cents
98-lb Bags, each	$1.89
PURCELL'S BEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT, brl	$3.39
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl	$3.29

We make a specialty of the "Out-of-Town" trade. We can SAVE you money on every article you eat, wear or use. Write us.

HAMMOCKS.

14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—white—each	59 cents
14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—colored—each	69 cents

HOUSE-FURNISHINGS FOR THE WARM WEATHER.

Extra quality Lemon Squeezers, usually sold at 25 cts, our price	12 cts
Crystal Flint Lemonade Glasses, full size, our prize, each	4 cts
Best Flint Water Tumblers, each	2 cts
Imitation Cut Glass Orange or Lemon Plates, each	6 cts
Glass Pickle Dishes, usually sold at 10 cts, our price	3 cts
Large Fruit Bowls, each	14 cts
2-qt Majolica Pitchers, each	19 cts
Berry Bowls, extra quality flint glass, each	29 cts
3 Mustard Spoons for	2 cts
3-qt Water Sprinklers, each	13 cts
8-qt Water Sprinklers, each	21 cts

DRUGS.

Munyon Remedies	20 cts
Hood's Sarsaparilla	63 cts
Lydia Pinkham's Compound	67 cts
Celery Nerve Tonic, $1.00 size	59 cts
Bromo Caffeine, K. & M	7 cts
Porous Strengthening Plasters, regular price 20c, at	7 cts
Little Liver Pills	6 cts
Greene's Nervura	77 cts
Swift's Specific, S. S. S., $1 size	65 cts
Granular Effervescent Citrate Magnesia, K. & M., regular price 35c	20 cts
Fig Laxative, for constipation, regular 50c size	18 cts
Witch Hazel, guaranteed full strength, 16-oz bottle	20 cts
Seidlitz Powders, in tin boxes, 12 doses, full weight	15 cts
Compound Licorice Powder, ½ lb	14 cts
Chemically Pure Pow'd. Borax, lb	15 cts
Beef, Wine and Iron, containing Liebig's Extract of Beef, Citrate of Iron and Imported Sherry Wine, regular $1.00 size	36 cts

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

	Per Box.	Per 1,000.
Our Pet, 50 in box	$ .45	$ 9.00
Turkish Beauties, 50 in box	.65	11.00
Rosa Donitas, 50 in box	.70	11.50
Key West, 50 in box	.75	13.00
K. W. Beauties, 50 in box	.75	13.00
Spanish Five, a sweet smoke, 50 in box	.85	15.00
Cuban Perfecto, long Havana filler, 50 in box	.90	16.00
Porto Rico, a good smoke, 50 in box	1.00	17.00
Your Treat, long Havana filler, 50 in box	1.25	21.00
Flor de Milton, long Havana filler, fine wrapper, 50 in box	1.40	25.00
Tansill's Punch, 100 in box, 3c each, per box	2.90	26.00
Our Eagle K.W., long Havana filler, 50 in box	$1.75	$31.00
Manuel Garcia, K. W., long Havana filler, Florida wrapper, 50 in box	1.90	32.00
Sweet Caporal Smoking, ¼, per lb		72 cts
Green Back, ¼, per lb		27 cts
Climax, 8 oz., per lb		36 cents
Sledge Plug, per lb		22 cts
Iron Navy, plug, per lb		21 cts
5c Ante, per lb		30 cts
Corner Lot, plug, per lb		14 cts
Cherry Wood Pipes, each 3 cents, per doz		24 cts
Briar Pipes, 7 cents, 15 cents		19 cts
Favorite All-Tobacco Cigarettes, per 1,000		$2.50

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Shoes below cost to manufacture. Notwithstanding the big advance in the price of Shoes we will sell today, and today only:

Men's $2 Satin Calf Lace Shoes, sizes 7, 8 and 9, all solid leather throughout, at ..... 88 cts a pair

Ladies' $2.50 Dongola Button and Lace Shoes, square or pointed toes, all sizes, at ..... $1.12 a pair

Only two pairs of a kind sold to a customer.

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ALL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
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Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business—men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges; but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

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bicycle if you desire the best the world produces; a Hartford, the next best, if anything short of a Columbia will content you.

Columbias, $100; Hartfords, $80 $60; for boys and girls, $50.

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LIQUOR DEALERS.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

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Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

AN OPAL.

A rose of fire shut in a veil of snow,
An April gleam athwart a misted sky,
A jewel—a soul! Gaze deep if thou wouldst know
The flame wrought spell of its pale witchery.
And now each tremulous beauty lies revealed,
And now the drifted snow doth beauty shield.

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white,
Holdeth the glamour of the east in fee;
Warm Puritan, who fears her own delight,
Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me.
And now her lips her heart's rich flame have told,
And now they pale that they have been so bold.
—Ednah Proctor Clarke in Century.

OUR FIRST CASE.

We were sitting in our little room looking at each other. A week or two ago we had set up independently. We had come here to make our fortunes, but private nurses did not seem to be in much request in this benighted place. All the doctors knew of us, and had welcomed us cordially. With one consent they had said that we were just what was wanted here.

"Do you think we can afford to stay another week?" asked Kathleen.

"Perhaps, one more," I answered.

"It's a most interesting experience," she said.

"And will end in quite an exciting finale," I added. "The worst of it is the return home amid the jeers of our friends, who are expecting us any day."

Kathleen shuddered.

"We may get a case in the next few days," I said. "Such things occasionally happen."

"Give me another cup of tea, Agnes," cried Kathleen. "It is ruinous to the nerves, but I must have it. If any of my patients drank half as much as I do, I should read them a lecture they would not forget, but"—

Our landlady flung open the door, and Dr. Puckle burst in upon us.

"Ah! I was so afraid I should find you out," he cried. He was Irish.

"We happen to have a holiday," said Kathleen. "At least we have no very urgent case on this morning."

"Allow me to give you a cup of tea," said I.

"Tea? Tea at this time of day!" He shook his head at us. "I should have thought you knew better, nurse. Never drink tea at 11 o'clock. No sugar, thank you."

He settled himself comfortably before the fire, and sipped his tea, while delivering himself of a long and strong dissertation on the evil of this habit. Kathleen and I corroborated every word he said.

"Well, now to business," cried Dr. Puckle. "I came to ask you to undertake a case, a very painful case. It's old Josiah Hartland. Ever heard of him?"

"No," I answered.

"That man would have been dead a year ago if he hadn't happened to—alive. This time he'll go. Meanwhile I must get a couple of nurses for him, by hook or by crook. Will you undertake his case?"

"Tell us some more about him, doctor."

"He lives in Hartland's Hollow. I suppose you know that part?"

"No," said Kathleen, and Dr. Puckle looked relieved.

"It's a trifle lonely, but I suppose you don't mind that?"

"Not in the least," said I. "We are neither of us troubled with nerves—in spite of the tea."

"You'll find no one there but the coachman and his wife, an old couple. You'll have to do everything yourselves, I'm afraid. When can you be ready? The case is urgent."

We promised to go that afternoon and when Dr. Puckle left us, Kathleen and I held a little celebration in honor of our first case.

We found ourselves before a low, rambling building at 4 o'clock that afternoon. The walls were thickly covered with ivy and creepers; tall trees surrounded it, which lent an air of mystery to the place. A solemn hush was on it, and the chilly afternoon fog was rising.

"I hope there's a good fire," whispered Kathleen, shivering.

The sound of the bell was muffled and seemed to come from underground regions. We had to ring three times before any one thought of answering our summons. Then the door was opened suspiciously, and an old woman peered at us out of her spectacles.

"Oh, be you the nusses?" she mumbled. "You may come in."

"How kind!" said Kathleen in my ear. "Don't you feel gratified, Agnes, by this gracious permission?"

She waited till our traps were deposited in the hall, then shut and locked the door.

"One never knows what may happen," she murmured, speaking to herself. Her candle cast suspicious shadows round the low, dark hall. We could smell the dust of ages as we followed the housekeeper up stairs. She told us in passing the different rooms and informed us that some of them were haunted, but she didn't rightly know which.

"What a delightful house!" said Kathleen aloud, and her voice echoed far away and disturbed the brooding silence. I wanted to hush her, for I kept feeling as if I were at church. "So cheerful!" rang out her voice."

"That's your room," said our guide, stopping at the top of the stairs to breathe, "and that's the master's." With that she turned and went into the dark regions we had left behind, and we found ourselves standing in a passage lighted by a single small lamp, with our bags in our hands and our hearts beating rather rapidly.

"I thought there must be something queer about it," said Kathleen. "Dr. Puckle was so very reserved."

"It is charming," I affirmed. "Now, shall we introduce ourselves to our patient or to our room?"

"Our room first," said Kathleen. "Let us keep the best treat till the end."

It was not an ideal room which had been prepared for us, nor overclean; but, as Kathleen said, we were both able to scrub a floor after our hospital training. She threw open the window, lighted both the candles on the dressing table and then declared that it was fit for the queen.

"But horribly cold," I supplemented.

"Well, my dear, wait till it's aired before you shut the window. When that old hag's lighted our fire, it won't be half bad."

"It strikes me," said I, "that we may as well light it ourselves if we want one at all."

"There seems a superabundance of insects and crawling things," said Kathleen, examining the corners of the room. "I'm rather fond of spiders. Are you?"

"On the whole," I answered, "I prefer my bedroom free of them."

"That is a pity," said Kathleen.

"Let us now go and make the acquaintance of our patient," I suggested.

Our gentle knock was not answered, so we went in unbidden.

Josiah Hartland was lying in bed breathing heavily. He was an old man. His skin was as yellow as a London fog, his eyes were so sunken under shaggy brows that at first sight he seemed to have none. The room was comfortless in the extreme. The fire was nearly out, and an untrimmed lamp smoked upon the table by his bed. He turned and stared at us.

"Two of you!" burst out a sharp, thin voice, startling us. "Two! I don't want two. One's quite enough. I'm not going to pay two to do the work for one."

"But one of us has to sit up with you at night," said I in a cheerful, soothing tone.

"What do you want with sleep?" he growled. "A great, strapping girl like you ought to be able to do without it. Has James come in?"

"Who is James?"

"James, he's my coachman, of course. Who else did you think he was? Ring the bell, can't you? I tell you I want James to come up. He's been collecting my rents. I want to see him about them."

"It's rather late in the day to be doing business," said Kathleen.

He turned and stared at her.

"Who's that?" he asked, pointing at her with a bony finger.

"She is your nurse," said I.

"Send her away, then. One's quite enough. I'm not going to pay two nurses, I tell you. I engaged you, but I never engaged her. Send her away!"

"Just now," I answered, "I am going away, and your second nurse will stay with you. I shall sit up with you tonight, so I am going to rest now."

Kathleen followed me to the door, looking slightly scared.

"I wish you joy, dear," said I. "We have a delightful case for our first!"

When I awoke from my nap, I found Kathleen by the fire in our room and a nice little meal waiting for me.

"Don't thank Mrs. Jones for that," said she, "or expect to find such things growing in this house. If you are hungry, you must go and forage about in the larder for something to eat. If you haven't got the genius which distinguishes everything I do, probably you won't find anything. At all events, partake freely now, for you have a long night before you."

She was very tired, and I left her to sleep as best she could in our spider haunted room.

I was simply astonished at the change Kathleen had wrought in the sickroom. The only thing which seemed the same was our patient, and he looked cleaner. Kathleen afterward told me that she had never found it so difficult to persuade any one to let her wash him.

"Has she gone?" asked Josiah.

"Yes; she's gone to bed," said I.

"Gone to bed! Whose bed? I won't have her sleeping in one of my beds."

"Yes, it's all right," I said, "and now you must let me settle for the night."

"You aren't going to wash me!" he cried. "The other one has just done it."

"No, no, it's all right. I won't wash you again tonight."

When he had taken his medicine and was settled comfortably, I sat by the fire in the darkened room, and strange thoughts came to me. How was it that my life had drifted into this? Five years ago I was a thoughtless girl, with scarcely a care beyond dress and pleasure and friendship. My friends thought it eccentric to "waste" my youth like this. They were amused, and could not see through my desire to do something useful in the world. However it was, here I found myself, a girl who had been shielded from all the roughness and trouble of life, in the very presence of suffering and death, playing an important part in the tragedy which I felt sure would end soon, for I knew the look of death so well that sometimes I saw it with scarcely a shudder. Our patient did not seem conscious of his condition. He lay there in his large and lonely house without one friend or relative beside him. It was a sad case for our first.

It grew more and more silent. An ash fell out of the grate, and it sounded as if a thunderbolt had burst. I jumped in my chair and felt a thrill all down my back. Then I began to think of the lonely situation of the house and the distance between the two old caretakers and me if anything should happen. After awhile the silence teemed with countless noises. I heard a long swish, a queer wailing—more like a human cry than the wind—a pitter patter, a buzzing, a faint tapping, a sigh. And there was a long creeping thud every now and then.

I am not superstitious. I firmly believe that superstition is the result of ignorance, and that educated people ought to despise it. But I began to feel as if perhaps there was more than I had thought in some of those superstitions. Surely they could not have lived through centuries if there had been no truth in them!

"Go and fetch me my rent book."

I nearly screamed. His voice had come so suddenly upon my thoughts.

"D'ye hear?" cried the thin, high voice.

I tried to persuade him to lie down and go to sleep, but he grew so excited that to quiet him I was obliged to yield.

"Where is it?" I asked.

It was down stairs in one of those horrible deserted rooms.

"Wouldn't you rather wait till the morning?" I asked.

"No, fetch it now, now! Besides, then you can look round and see that there are no burglars about. They know I'm ill, and that I've got a great sum of money here. I'm only waiting till I get better to take it myself to the bank."

His voice grew wilder and wilder. He urged me on, and I went, for nothing else could quiet him. I took a lighted candle with me, and as I found my way down the creaking stairs my heart thumped against my side.

I am sure I heard a low growl at the foot of the stairs. As the flickering light of my candle moved onward in the darkness it seemed to disperse countless shadows that had dim shapes. I thought I saw the outlines of a grinning head. Mrs. Jones had said some of these rooms were haunted—supposing this one was! Something scuttled away. I set my candle down, afraid I should drop it, my hand was trembling so. Something fell with a thud on the table, and that was too much for me. Snatching up my candle, I turned and fled. The candle went out, but the feeble flicker of the lamp up stairs guided me, and I stumbled on, not daring to take a breath till I found myself once more in the sickroom. I have since found out that the library was swarming with cockroaches and mice.

Old Josiah had fortunately fallen into a doze, so I settled myself in my chair again, having gently made up the fire. Would this awful night never pass? It was now 2 o'clock, and it seemed like the beginning of eternity.

Tick, tick, tick! What was that?

Tick, tick, tick!

I knew—it was the death spider. I had heard of the horrid thing before, and had not believed in its existence. But I had never before spent a night with a dying man in a haunted house. I stole softly to the bedside, but he was sleeping nicely. He had several days to live still.

"Well, how did you get on? What sort of a night had you?"

Kathleen was like a breeze. Her voice swept off the vapors of the night.

"Beautifully," said I. "I have had a delightful night."

"When shall I get better?" asked our patient. "What's the good of paying a couple of nurses and a doctor if they can't cure me quicker than this? Why can't you speak, doctor? Answer me."

"Hartland, it is time to prepare yourself for another world. You cannot get better."

"I must—I must. I've a great sum of money in the house that ought to be banked. And James hasn't got in all the rents. He's a fool at it. Send him up to me at once."

Dr. Puckle told us that this perpetual worrying about his business was hastening the end. He said it could not be far distant now, and Kathleen and I determined to try to get the poor man to think of other things more appropriate at this solemn time.

"You cannot take your money with you," I said, "so why worry about it now? You are dying, Mr. Hartland. Surely you can leave your money matters alone. What importance can they possibly be just now?"

"Much you know about business," sneered the old man. "Business is business, whether a man is dying or not." Then he burst out crying like a child. "All my life," he wailed, "all my life I've spent in getting it, and now I've got to leave it. It isn't fair. Send James up to me at once. I want to know whether he's made that villain Richards pay up. Why, the fellow owes two quarters. It's infamous."

I looked at Kathleen in despair.

It was always like that. Sometimes he cried and sobbed, sometimes he railed against the justice of life. His one and only idea was still his money, that money which he had made himself, and which he loved with a concentrated passion. He looked at the cold, useless thing, and never missed the warm, human faces that ought to have been round him now. He had no relations, no friends. His money had come between him and all the softer joys of life, and in dying he cared for nothing except that he had to part with it.

Kathleen started at the little heap of salt she had spilt.

"What's the matter, Kathleen?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, starting. "Of course I don't believe in any such nonsense, but I saw a crow this morning—now I've spilt some salt."

"Throw a pinch over your left shoulder," I suggested, laughing at her.

"Goose," she retorted, "do you think I'm so silly?"

I stooped to pick up my serviette, and she made a rapid movement as though throwing something over her shoulder.

"Kathleen!" I cried sharply. "Put your knife and fork straight."

"Why? What's wrong with them?"

She looked at them, then suddenly snatched up the fork and laid it down beside the knife.

"I do not believe you were frightened because they were crossed," she said.

"Did you hear the screech owl last night?" I asked.

"No, but I heard a dog howling, and when I got up to see the time I saw a shooting star."

"Superstition is such nonsense," said I.

"Yes, isn't it?"

I was sitting by him, and in the darkened room I saw his bony hands groping about aimlessly or picking at his sheet. When I had washed him, he had fretfully declared that we nurses did nothing in the world but wash him, and "the other one" had done it that very morning. I tried to persuade him that the morning had nothing to do with the evening, but he didn't see it. He was now muttering to himself or lapsing into unconsciousness. He did not know me. His mind seemed to be wandering into the money getting past, for I could hear snatches of calculations and something about the Stock Exchange which I did not understand.

Then all was silence, but for the beating of my heart.

There came a tapping at my window. I sat up straight, clutching the arms of the chair. Death himself might have been knocking for admittance! I knew, I was sure, that it was but a bird, but I had heard that when a sparrow taps at the window it means death. A few minutes after there sounded a loud crash down stairs, and I sprang up and rushed into our room, having just presence of mind left to see that our patient had not been disturbed. Kathleen was sitting up in bed.

"Did you hear that noise?" I gasped.

"Ye-es," said she, through chattering teeth. "Do you think there's a burglar here?"

"Well, perhaps you'd better go and see," said I. "I would, but I cannot leave Mr. Hartland."

"Oh," said Kathleen, "I would, but I'm not dressed. What's the matter, Agnes?"

I took her shoes, which she had left on the table by accident, and threw them down. She started.

"I—I tumbled up stairs yesterday, Agnes," she said, seizing my arm.

There was another crash. I had knocked over a hand glass!

Next morning a large picture of Josiah Hartland was found on its face in the dining room. Mrs. Jones said it had fallen several times before, for the cord was rotten and kept breaking, but Mr. Hartland wouldn't buy a new one. We said it had better not be hung again, as we did not like going to see what was the matter in the middle of the night. She seemed surprised and evidently wondered what we were here for.

I told Kathleen that she looked pale, and she said I looked ghastly. I asked her whether she thought we could endure another night of it, and she said she could not, but if I liked I might stay, and she would give me all the profits.

There was no need for us to stay.

Mr. Hartland insisted on looking at his rentbook to see whether James had collected all the rents. I brought it to him, and he groped about with his hands to feel it.

"I can't quite see," he moaned. "My eyes—they aren't so good as they used to be. Read it to me, you nurse. What are you here for, wasting my money, if you can't read it to me?"

"Let me read something else," I entreated, feeling tears rising in my eyes. "Kathleen, bring me a Bible."

"Business is business," gasped the dying man. "Read the last page to me. I want to know—whether—that villain—what was I saying?"

Kathleen came nearer. We looked at each other.

"What do you know about—business?"

He glared at us and struggled with his breath. His hands wandered over the quilt. They touched the rentbook. A grin crept over the wrinkled face and fixed there. His eyes rolled and shut.

"Agnes, now we can go home," whispered Kathleen, creeping to my side.—All the Year Round.

The Preservation of Foods.

The great advance in the preservation of foods is perhaps most clearly shown in a recent article in a French magazine. The article discusses the preserving of provisions from the military standpoint. It states that 40,000 rations of vegetables can be stored in a cubic space of 40 inches each way; that millions of rations of solid soups and preserved meats are continually stored in Paris, while the quantity of flour and biscuit is fabulous. Milk during the last siege of Paris was worth its weight in gold. Now the method of "pasteurizing" milk and putting it in hermetically sealed cans is found to preserve milk indefinitely and insures against suffering those classes of the community that suffer most from scarcity of milk—the feeble, aged and infants.

Compressed fodder and the silo system are the safeguards used by the government to protect animals in case of siege, while an enormous cold storage warehouse at La Vilette insures fresh meats for a long period. The application of science to the food problem has reduced the perplexities of families living on small incomes, but it may force a complete change in military maneuvers, starvation of the besieged being made almost impossible.—Outlook.

A Wonder In Minute Writing.

A recent writer on the subject of wave lengths of light, in describing the apparatus used for taking measurements of such lengths, mentions the "Nobert test plates." These plates are made of glass and have the scale thereon so finely graduated that there are often as many as 150,000 lines to the inch. Such infinitesimal magnitudes are totally beyond our powers of conception, yet much more wonderful things in that line have been accomplished. An artist of the name of Webb, a regular manufacturer of these "Nobert test plates," once tried his hand in microscopic writing on glass.

The specimen turned out, which is now in the Army Medical museum at Washington, is the whole of the Lord's Prayer on a piece of glass which is only 1-294 of an inch one way and 1-440 of an inch the other. In the Lord's Prayer there are 227 letters, and, as shown above, they were put on a piece of glass having an area of but 1-129,653 of an inch. Had an entire inch of space been used at the same rate, the engraver would have put no less than 29,431,458 letters upon it. The entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, could have been written on that inch of space eight times over.—St. Louis Republic.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. de Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins Van Mortlande at home?

Servant—No, madam; she's—

Mrs. de Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.

Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.—New York Weekly.

HE WENT TO A BALL.

OVERCOME BY THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUNG LOUISVILLE MEN.

The Dance Was at a Female Seminary, and It Was Full of Surprises—The Stranger Declared He Would Never Attend Another "Swell" Dance In Kentucky.

"Speaking of practical jokes," said a drummer at one of the hotels the other night, "I was the victim of one of the most embarrassing I have heard of for a long time. It was during my first trip south, and not being familiar with the people in this part of the country I thought I had found a really sociable place when three young 'swells' of the town with whom I had been talking the evening before asked me to go with them to a dance that was to be given at a female seminary a few miles from this city. I had been away from home for some time, and not having had the pleasure of being in the company of young ladies I was fairly delighted at the idea of spending a pleasant evening.

"I told them I would be pleased to go, and after hurried preparation we started. The young men laughed at the idea of my paying anything toward the carriage hire, and I felt that I had never been in the company of a more hospitable set of men.

"When we arrived at the place, the dance had already begun. We left the carriage in care of a negro man and entered the ballroom. Of course I felt very strange at first among so many strangers, but my companions seemed to feel quite at home and insisted that I should meet some of the young women at once. One of the young men took me by the arm and led me across the room to where there sat a young woman who was rather pretty and had an extremely neat appearance.

"After receiving an introduction to her I sat down and started a conversation. Soon she was talking at an astonishingly rapid rate. I became rather interested in the girl, but was very much surprised to learn that she was the twentieth daughter of a wealthy farmer. At last she began to talk and laugh so loudly that I began to feel a little embarrassed and asked her if she did not want to dance. She was on her feet in an instant, and we had danced a few steps when she suddenly yelled out at the top of her voice: 'Don't! Don't! Oh, don't hold me so tight! I am full of dynamite.' And she uttered a yell that made the cold chills run up and down my back.

"I turned her loose in an instant and stood simply horrified. I felt like swearing when the other people in the room only laughed and went on dancing. I did not know what to do. I knew I had done nothing I should not have done, intentionally at least, but I started up to her with an apology, when one of my companions came up with a young woman on his arm. He gave me an introduction to her and asked me if I would not dance the next set with her. I did not feel like dancing a bit, but there was no way of getting out of it, so I told him I would. While we were sitting down waiting for the next dance she told me she had been married 14 times and had 1,000 children at home. I thought she was just trying to joke me and asked her where she lived. She said she lived in heaven. I knew something was wrong with her, and I made up my mind right there that I would not dance with her. I asked her to excuse me a moment, and without waiting for a reply rushed across the room toward the door. I thought to myself that if I once got on the outside I would never attend another 'swell dance' in Kentucky.

"I had got within a few feet of the door when an old woman ran up and threw her arms around my neck. She yelled out that I was her lost son, who ran away from home 400 years ago, when I was a mere child. I tried to tear myself away from the woman, and she fainted at my feet. I made a dart for the door, and when I reached the threshold I looked back and saw several persons carrying her off the floor. I was dazed. I expected to be arrested every moment. I saw a man outside and asked him if there was not a train leaving that place soon. He said there would be one going to Louisville in about an hour, and I concluded to wait around the little station until it was ready to leave. I do not remember to have ever heard a more welcome sound than the whistle of that train, after spending an hour in silent misery. I reached my hotel in this city shortly after midnight, but could not sleep. I had learned on the train that I had been to an insane asylum ball, and I was as mad as a hornet.

"The next morning the young men came around to the hotel and apologized, and now they are the best friends I have in this city."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Truth of the Matter.

The Bookman tells a story of Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse, who recently spent five years in Europe. He had been long in conflict with both British and Egyptian authorities on the question of irrigating a certain district and found them almost equally conservative. After a time he met Lord Cromer, just arrived in the country, and was received with a chilling coolness.

"I really cannot go into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my predecessor with great discourtesy."

"Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?"

"Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er—in fact, that you insinuated he was untruthful."

"I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterize his attitude in some way. Now, you see, I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it would not be exactly complimentary. Of course I couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that wouldn't be true, you know. So naturally I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand."

ANNOUNCING LEE'S SURRENDER.

The Booming of Cannon at Daylight Gave the News to Washington.

Most people were sleeping soundly in their beds when, at daylight on the rainy morning of April 10, 1865, a great boom startled the misty air of Washington, shaking the very earth, and breaking the windows of houses about Lafayette square, and moving the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality to say once more that they would be glad when Union victories were done with or should be celebrated elsewhere. Boom! boom! went the guns, until 500 were fired. A few people got up in the chill twilight of the morning and raced about in the mud to learn what the good news might be, while others formed a procession and resumed their parades—no dampness, no fatigue, being sufficient to depress their ardor.

But many placidly lay abed, well knowing that only one military event could cause all this mighty pother in the air of Washington, and if their nap in the gray dawn was disturbed with dreams of guns and of terms of armies surrendered to Grant by Lee they awoke later to read of these in the daily papers, for this was Secretary Stanton's way of telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms, and that peace had come again.

But the great news had really reached Washington the night before (Palm Sunday), and a few newspaper men and others of late habits, who were up through the darkness and the dampness of those memorable hours, had sent the glad tidings all over the Union from Maine to California and had then unbent themselves in a private and exclusive jollification. When the capital was broad awake and had taken in the full value of the news, the fever heat that had fired the city on the day after the fall of Richmond did not return. Popular feeling had culminated then, and after that great event there was nothing that could surprise us, not even if Jeff Davis himself had come to Washington to surrender.

The streets were shockingly muddy, but were all alive with people singing and cheering, carrying flags and saluting everybody, hungering and thirsting for speeches. General Butler was called out, among others, and he made a speech full of surprising liberality and generosity toward the enemy. The departments gave another holiday to their clerks, so did many business firms, and the treasury employees assembled in the great corridor of their building and sang "Old Hundred" with thrilling, even tear compelling, effect. Then they marched in a body across the grounds to the White House, where the president was at breakfast, and serenaded him with "The Star Spangled Banner."—Noah Brooks in Century.

American Indigo.

Indigo for exportation was brought into Charleston in wagons, and the owners received the proceeds in the form of Spanish silver coin, which composed almost the entire currency before the bank of the state was established in 1812. It was a clumsy and inconvenient medium of exchange for large amounts. We read that "the merchants of North Carolina and other distant points used to carry the money in boxes fitting under the seats of the sulkies in which they traveled, so as to be taken out at night and put back in the morning."

The indigo itself was often used directly as a medium of purchase for other commodities. General Harrington at one time sent three four horse wagon loads of indigo to Virginia, buying in exchange from 15 to 20 negroes. An interesting illustration of this use of indigo is connected with General Francis Marion. This incident occurred in 1783, just after the battle of Hobkirk Hill. A nephew of General Marion was to be sent to school in Philadelphia, and was accordingly fitted out with a wagonload of indigo, which was to pay for his tuition and other school expenses. As the British then held possession, General Marion wrote to Lord Balfour, in command in Charleston, asking a permit for the boy to pass through the British lines. General Marion's letter was sent by Balfour to Rawdon, and was afterward countersigned by Cornwallis. The youth with his wagonload of indigo was allowed to proceed by the Charlotte route toward Philadelphia, but unfortunately he died before reaching his destination.—Science Monthly.

How Bulow Conducted an Orchestra.

It is said that no one who ever saw Bulow at the conductor's desk, controlling an orchestra as if it were a single instrument on which he himself was playing, could ever forget the influence of his wonderful personality. A Beethoven symphony conducted by Bulow was a revelation. His manner of conducting was inimitable. With him everything was impulse, every movement a personality—the expression of a delicate sensibility, and it was this that made the communication of his purposes to the orchestra so effective.

No one understood how to extract such a brilliance, such a fullness, from his orchestra as Bulow did. The clearness and absolute precision of his rhythm were unsurpassed. His epigram, "In the beginning there was rhythm," is notorious. No one could make his orchestra speak with such passion. And the same works played the next day under another conductor were no longer the same things that they had been under the magic wand of the great leader.—Musical Courier.

The New Man.

"Look," twittered the new man, "is not this just a lovely waistcoat? I made it myself out of one of her old sleeves. Ain't I saving?"

And the other new man gazed at the garment in voluble admiration.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Slender Thread.

Extract From Historical Lecture.—In these stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, and that slender thread was Charles the Fat.

SPONGE GARDENING.

PROFITABLE SEA FARMS ALONG THE FLORIDA COAST.

Interesting Facts Not Generally Known Concerning an Article of Utility—Assistance Rendered the Industry by the Government's Fish Commission.

Ever since the sponge fisheries of the Bahamas and the gulf coast of Florida showed signs of becoming exhausted efforts have been made to cultivate sponges on farms or artificial beds, and more recently science has tried to imitate the genuine article by converting the soft fiber of the cocoanut leaves and shells into sponges of commercial value. Sponge farming is now a successful industry, and hundreds of acres in the gulf of Mexico along the Florida coast are planted with "sponge cuttings" and seeds. The work is not dissimilar in many respects to oyster culture. The young sponges are planted in water along the coast varying from one to five fathoms in depth.

A few years ago the fish commissioners had their attention called to the sponge fisheries off the Florida coast, and after finding that the beds were being rapidly depleted of the best stock, an examination of the fisheries was made to ascertain some way of preserving them. The specimens of sponge taken to Washington in the autumn of the year were found to be reproductive if the proper conditions were supplied. The sponges in the autumn were found to develop masses of protoplasm or spores, which in the spring of the year were liberated. These spores contained the small reproductive particles from which the sponges developed. Some of the sponges experimented with did not reproduce their kind at all, and it was found that in order to cultivate the sponges it was necessary to plant sponges that produced certain cells that contained the ova or egg and others that represented spermatozoa.

A small sponge farm was established at Washington, and then others along the Florida coast as experiments. These proved successful, so that private individuals went into the business. There are many acres of sponge farms near Key West, and others at Anclote, Fla., and near Tampa. These farms were first supplied with their seeds from the fish commissioners, but now they are obtained direct from the sponge fisheries. In the autumn of the year the various kinds of sponges are purchased by the sponge culturist, who generally takes an assortment that is sure to supply him with both the male and female cells.

The beds, or farms, are usually located at some well protected place along the coast and fenced in with natural formations and artificial dams. The sponge seeds are kept in small "pounds" through the winter, where the masses of protoplasm develop and grow. Early in the spring these spores are liberated in the larger body of water, where they soon swim around. The eggs continue to grow rapidly, and in a short time attach themselves to the rocks or coral formation at the bottom of the water.

It is very difficult to get the right location for an ideal sponge bed. An arm of the sea where the salt water flows in freely that has a natural hard bottom is the best. Rocks, stones and other substances can be dropped at the bottom for the sponges to fasten themselves to. The lagoon is then dammed up, so that when the seed is put in fresh it cannot float out to sea again. Some simply throw their sponges in such a lagoon in the fall of the year and let the protoplasm develop there. Under proper cultivation the sponges thus raised are superior to those found in the sea. Only the best varieties are propagated. The "sheepswool" is the choicest, with a texture fine, soft and strong. These sponges sell for from $1.50 to $3 a pound. The "yellow" sponge is next in quality, and its price is much less than the "sheepswool." The "grass" sponge raised is very limited, for its value is too small to pay one for the trouble.

After the sponge farm is once started there is little more to do with it except at harvesting time. The sponges grow slowly and usually three years elapse before any are pulled up. Then only the choicest, full grown ones are gathered. The others are left to produce new seeds and to reach a larger size. The picking of sponges in a farm of this nature is much simpler than to raise them from the deep waters of the gulf. Armed with a long leaded pole a boatman can easily haul up the sponges that he needs, and in the course of a day he could gather three times the quantity pulled up by the regular sponge fishermen off the coast. The water is comparatively shallow over the artificial beds, and not disturbed by tides, floating debris or winds. It is also very clear and pellucid, so that one can see the bottom for a long distance down. Occasionally one finds a sponge farm where deep sea sponges are cultivated, and it is necessary, then, to have a diver to gather them. Here again the work is made easier. The diver runs no risk from sharks, tides or other inconveniences that daily beset those off the coast.

The value of the sponge farm increases every year despite the annual harvest that is taken therefrom. The new sponges are spreading until every square inch of the bottom and sides of the pond are covered with young and old sponges. If no diseases or enemies get into the bed, the sponges will then yield enormous crops year after year. The annual income from a good sized bed ranges from $1,000 to $10,000, according to its size, location and age.—Philadelphia Times.

An English View of It.

Mrs. Smith—I think it dreadful that your divorce laws in America should be so much more lenient than they are in England.

Mr. Van Rensselaer—Well, you see, my dear madam, in England divorce is a luxury, while with us it is—er—a necessity.—London Punch.

THE DRIVER HAD A MATCH.

And the Passenger Had a Cigar, In Fact Several of Them.

A prosperous looking business man boarded the front platform of a crosstown car, and drawing a well filled cigar case from his pocket selected a choice looking Havana. The driver "sized up" the man and the cigar case, and his mouth began to water. The smoker, after biting off the end of his cigar, began fumbling for a match. Failing to find one, he turned to the driver and asked him if he had a match.

"Yes, sir," responded the driver, with alacrity. "Here you are, sir."

"Thank you," said the business man, lighting his cigar and sending the fragrant smoke wafting across the driver's face.

"Very convenient to have matches around, sir. I allers makes a point of carrying 'em."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; so many gentlemen pull out a cigar, and then find they ain't got a match."

Puff, puff and silence.

"I am quite a smoker myself. 'Course I can't smoke on the car, but then I enjoy it all the more when I get off."

"I suppose so," said the smoker absentmindedly.

"Many gentlemen makes a point of giving me a cigar, especially when they rides reg'lar. I ain't had my after dinner smoke yet."

"Oh," said the business man in a preoccupied manner.

"Yes, sir; I allers carry matches, as I said before, 'cause when a gentleman has a cigar and no light he allus seems so thankful for it. Generally gives me a cigar too. Seems kinder fair to exchange a cigar for a match, 'cause the weed ain't no good without a light."

"Ah," said the smoker, evidently busy in his mind with something connected with business.

The driver looked despairingly at him and after clearing his throat said:

"You don't happen to have another cigar in your pocket, do you, sir?"

"Certainly I have—two or three," said the business man testily. "But what has that to do with what you have been talking about?"

The rest of the journey was made in silence.—New York Tribune.

SONG BIRDS.

Something About the Feathered Warblers of Different Countries.

India has the joocee bulbuls, often called nightingales from their remarkably sweet voices. The Hindoos train them to sit on their hands and be carried about the bazaars. The black faced thrush is a very fine songster and can imitate almost everything he hears.

The white eyebrowed or spectacled laughing thrush has a loud, powerful song and some melodious notes. He is sometimes called the greater Peking nightingale or Japanese mocking bird.

The Japanese robin is a pretty bird to look at, and very lively in his motions, but is overrated as a singer, his notes resembling our Baltimore oriole's, only shriller, with little variation.

Australia has the piping crow, which is more of a shrike than a true crow. His song is rich and varied, the notes resembling a flute. He can be taught to speak and imitate many birds as well.

From Africa are shipped large numbers of little birds to this country called African singing finches. The plumage is handsome and often very odd. They lack voice, only one, the strawberry finch, having a song of any power. They are cunning, however, and pretty to have in an aviary. A gentleman in New York has an aviary cage containing some 35 varieties of small birds, and among them many African finches. As one of the canaries sings a small finch will fly to his side, and placing his head against the singer's breast listen closely until the canary drives him away.

A weaver bird with a thick red bill, in this same happy family, will take all the threads given him and weave a close network down the side of the cage and out on the perches. His owner says that if he would give him enough material the bird would weave until he shut out the daylight.—Philadelphia Times.

Wonders of Minute Animal Life.

The following, which might very appropriately bear the heading of "A Wonder of Wonders," is from the pen of Sir Robert S. Ball, F. R. S., astronomer royal of Ireland: "The microscope teaches us that there are animals so wonderfully minute that if a thousand of them were ranked abreast they could easily swim, without being thrown out of order, through the eye of the finest cambric needle ever made. Yet each of the minute creatures is a highly organized number of particles, capable of moving about, of finding and devouring food and of behaving in all respects as becomes an animal as distinguished from a fragment of unorganized matter." The human mind is utterly incapable of realizing the structure of these little creatures and of fully appreciating their marvelous adaptation to the life they are destined to lead.

The Secret of French Cooking.

The gentle heat is said to be the secret of the superior delicacy and richness of French cooking. With a gentle heat and tight covers we may have just the amount of juice we like in our vegetables. A glance will decide this, or perhaps the ear, if the hand at the same time rests on the cover. Many kinds of meat may be cooked in this way to the best advantage. A rump steak, three or four inches thick, kept closely covered and cooked in its own juices alone, will be far more tender than when put into the oven, and this without basting and without fat, the latter having been trimmed off closely.—New York World.

The Duke of Marlborough had a voice that, it was said, could be heard above the roar of artillery.

The Chinese make candles of a vegetable wax, the product of the candleberry tree.

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State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

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County Recording Secretary, P. J. Conroy, 433 Thirty-fifth st.
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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at 53 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Treoy, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; Wm Tarritt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 James Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 709 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4457 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3573 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 333 W Van Buren st; Patk Rahan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3705 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 177 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummalings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Archer hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4267 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2201 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2201 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 3232 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 2339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5618 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4544 Lafin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Cass, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 3489 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 320 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 23—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4536 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 365 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 258, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1323, Pullman; P Hayes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 32—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10310 Calhoun av; F C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, 10310 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 3239 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3250 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month, 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-p; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 3437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 3339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Dealsey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 12 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 368 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 494 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. E. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 3 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 525 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 253 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 227 W Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Chanalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 243 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hilsman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 35 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 5305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queely's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 338 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5343 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1025 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 381 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1089 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4739 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Ivy, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin-st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, F Maibach; Treas, H Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 168 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jos McCarthy, 295 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 455 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremen. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienka. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Case st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keeler av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 N Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5722 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5900 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1006 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3069 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2333 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boufard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3240 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 239 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in S.

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 621 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 252 E Division st; F S, M J Lyons; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago avs.

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THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

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We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $3.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$3.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $3.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$3.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case...$38.00
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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

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Solid oak, 12x16 inches, panel door, nicely finished, special price. **59c**

Extension Table.
Solid oak, antique finish, strong and substantial. Special price. 6-foot length.
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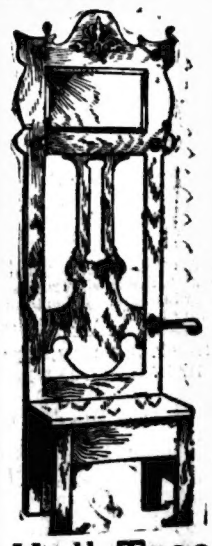
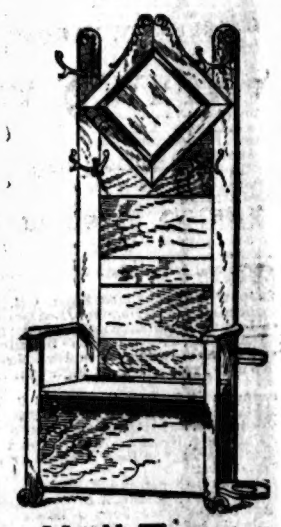


Hall Tree.
Solid oak, antique finish, box seat, beveled French mirror.
Special Price.
$4.50.

Sideboard.
Quarter-sawed oak, highly polished, richly carved, 6½ feet high, 18x40 beveled French mirror. Special price
$22.50



Hall Tree.
Quarter-sawed oak, polished, large beveled French mirror, brass hooks. Special Price.
$8.75

Chiffonier.
Solid oak, large and roomy, well made, special price
$6.75

White Enamel Dresser.
To go with metal bed, neat and in good taste, 20x24-inch mirror, special price
$9.50

Chiffonier.
Solid oak, antique finish, brass trimmings, French bevel plate mirror, special price,
$8.75

Parlor Rocker.
High grade, our own make, best of workmanship and material, mahogany finish frame, piano polished, upholstered in silk tapestry or brocatelle, special price
$15.00

Folding Lawn Settee.
Painted red or green. Special price
$2.50

Fancy Rocker.
Quarter-sawed oak, highly polished, neatly carved, silk tapestry, spring seat, special price,
$3.45

First National Bank

OF CHICAGO.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION MAY 7, 1895.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$19,061,310.37
Bank building and other real estate		675,000.00
United States bonds (par value)		776,850.00
Other bonds		1,643,486.90
Premiums paid		1,183.70
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern exchange)	$3,923,672.91	
Checks for clearing house	961,751.60	
Cash on hand	7,598,011.29	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	34,250.00	
		12,517,685.80
		$34,675,516.77

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	226,691.35
Dividends unpaid	90.00
Deposits	28,448,825.42
	$34,675,516.77

OFFICERS.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

S. M. NICKERSON, E. F. LAWRENCE,
S. W. ALLERTON, F. D. GRAY,
NORMAN B. REAM, NELSON MORRIS,
R. C. NICKERSON, L. J. GAGE,
EUGENE S. PIKE, A. A. CARPENTER,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK.

At the close of Business May 7, 1895.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$3,254,572.83
Overdrafts		2,862.27
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		195,060.53
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$1,938,750.86	
Due from banks	1,280,029.97	
Checks for Clearings	148,577.05	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	27,250.00	
		3,394,607.89
Total		$6,897,103.52

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	125,375.97
Dividends unpaid	462.00
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$5,399,739.60
Due banks	1,326,525.25
	7,726,265.85
Total	$6,897,103.82

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

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John Naghten & Co,

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181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 562.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, May 7, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$10,002,868.32
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		41,284.66
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds		200,000.00
Real estate		43,320.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
CASH ASSETS—		
Cash	$3,817,566.63	
Due from banks and bankers	2,363,712.16	
Exchanges for clearing-house	643,216.68	
		6,824,515.47
Total		$17,164,238.45

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000,000.00
Undivided profits	279,488.16
National bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Dividends unpaid	507.00
Deposits—	
Individual	$10,296,190.91
Banks	4,543,052.38
	14,839,243.29
Total	$17,164,238.45

OFFICERS:

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice-President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY R. KENT, 2d Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE E. ADAMS, S. B. COBB,
CHAS. R. CORWITH, WM. A. HAMMOND,
ROBT. E. JENKINS, WM. D. KERFOOT,
ALB'RT A. MUNGER, WM. R. PAGE,
WALTER L. PECK, AUG. S. CAMPBELL,
GEORGE SCHNEIDER.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

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